

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

ONE of the least obtrusive but most significant features of our life since the War began is the number of new poets who have appeared. They have been especially numerous at the Universities. From Oxford and Cambridge alone there have passed through the reviewers' hands some fifty or sixty volumes within the present year.

They are the work, sometimes of men, sometimes of women, and there is much variety of treatment. But with all the variety two things are characteristic—reality and unconventionality. That is to say, there is a determination on the part of all these new poets to see with their own eyes, and then to express what they see in their own language. As one of them puts it:

I have been reading books
For about twenty years;
I have laughed with other men's laughter,
Wept with their tears.

Life has been a cliché
All these years.

I would find a gesture of my own.

Listen to one of these poems. It has been published in Oxford by Mr. Blackwell in a volume entitled *Catholic Tales and Christian Songs*

(3s. net). The author is Dorothy Leigh SAYERS. It is startlingly unconventional; but hear it to the end. Three verses will be enough:

Go, bitter Christ, grim Christ! haul if Thou wilt
Thy bloody cross to Thine own bleak Calvary!
When did I bid Thee suffer for my guilt
To bind intolerable claims on me?
I loathe Thy sacrifice; I am sick of Thee,

I am battered and broken and weary and out of
heart,
I will not listen to talk of heroic things,
But be content to play some simple part,
Freed from preposterous, wild imaginings . . .
Men were not made to walk as priests and
kings.

O King, O Captain, wasted, wan with scourging.
Strong beyond speech and wonderful with woe,
Whither, relentless, wilt Thou still be urging
Thy maimed and halt that have not strength to
go? . . .
Peace, peace, I follow. Why must we love
Thee so?

Here is a confession of the fascination of Christ. The subject is not so often introduced to our attention as it might be. What is it? What is that gift or grace which some persons possess and

which we call attraction, fascination, charm? It is most frequently possessed by women; but we have noticed it attributed in their biographies to the following men, and the number could no doubt be increased—Stevenson, Rossetti (they are given in no order), Stanley, Francis, Gordon, Garibaldi, Newman, Drummond. We cannot tell what it is. Charm is as indefinable as poetry or personality. But we can name some of the elements that enter into it. There are three elements—Courage, Sympathy, and Selflessness—and Christ possessed them all.

First, *Courage*. We distinguish physical from moral courage, but Christ had both. It was physical courage that made Him resolve to return to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem when Lazarus died, although the Jews had threatened to stone Him. And it was physical courage that put into His hands the whip of small cords with which He drove the buyers and sellers out of the Temple.

But moral courage is better. In his new book on *The Father of a Soldier*, Dr. W. J. DAWSON, the Evangelist, says: 'I went to a theatre one night to hear Harry Lauder. His son, on whom all his hopes were set, had been killed in action a week or two earlier. He was absent from the stage for two nights; on the third he resumed his part, saying that he believed his son would have wished him to go on doing his bit. The part that he had to perform was the cruellest test of courage that could be imagined. The scene was set at the Horse Guards; a company of men in khaki marched past to the gay lilt of martial music; Lauder sang a song about the boys coming home. Conceive the situation: his own son lay dead, and he had to sing of the boys coming home! It seemed as if the management should have cut this song; every canon of decency demanded it. But the song was the best thing in the performance; to have omitted it would have deprived the public of a pleasure, and Lauder himself would not have agreed to its deletion, for it would not have been

"doing his bit." He sang it with every nerve drawn tense. His stern set face deeply lined, his trembling lips and stiff attitude, witnessed to the strain he suffered. But he sang it to the end without faltering, and left the stage amid the sympathetic silence of his audience. That silence was their tribute to one of the rarest acts of courage that the stage had ever witnessed.'

Christ had moral courage, greater than this. It was moral courage that enabled Him to set His face steadfastly and go up to Jerusalem for the last time, knowing what awaited Him. It was moral courage that made it possible for Him to say in the depth of the Agony in the Garden, 'Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.'

The next element is *Sympathy*. Now sympathy is made up of two things—love and suffering. There must be love. Matthew Arnold has a poem on Heine. There is praise in it for this and that; but—

But it was thou—I think
Surely it was!—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine,
Love is the fountain of charm.

Yes, love is the fountain of charm. But there must be suffering also. The man who fascinates us and makes us his followers must be one who suffers with us and for us. It was this that drew men to Garibaldi. It is this that still draws men to Christ. 'Wan with scourging,' says our Oxford poet, 'wonderful with woe.' One of the apostles expresses it once for all: 'Who loved me, and gave himself for me'—a marvellous sentence, simple, comprehensive, conclusive.

But there is another element. It is *Selflessness*. This is perhaps the most striking thing about our soldiers. They have not considered themselves. We have called them heroes; they have never thought themselves heroic. 'It is all in the day's work,' they have said. We have already heard Dr. Dawson, let us hear him again: 'A friend has just left my house whose boy has been home on his last leave before going overseas. He is only eighteen, and young for his age. He has been trying to enlist ever since his seventeenth birthday. He succeeded at last, and joined by choice a branch of the service which is generally regarded as the most dangerous. Speaking of him, his father said, "Of course he expects to die. They all do." The words were uttered calmly, as though they expressed a commonplace!' We do not often think of Christ in this connexion. But there is nothing that is more characteristic of Him than His selflessness. Listen to one strong statement of a follower: 'Who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.'

These three elements then—Courage, Sympathy, Selflessness—are found in the fascination of Christ. They do not explain it entirely, but they help us to understand why men and women have felt it and have not been able to resist it.

But this Oxford poet resisted it. Why? Because she wanted to live an easy, quiet, unambitious life; and she knew that if she yielded to the fascination of Christ that would be impossible:

I am battered and broken and weary and out of heart,

I will not listen to talk of heroic things,
But be content to play some simple part,
Freed from preposterous, wild imaginings . . .
Men were not made to walk as priests and
kings.

It is not that Christ demands restless energy from all His followers. On the contrary, He promises rest to those that are already restless and weary. But He does demand the pursuit of high aims and such self-sacrifice as may come in our way towards their attainment. 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.' 'Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me.'

And was He not wise in making this demand? 'A conversation took place between a great English statesman and Cavour. The Englishman said, "Why do you aim at anything so great as the unity of Italy? You can never reach it. Why not concentrate on something practicable, such as the reform of the Kingdom of Naples?" Cavour answered, "I cannot get the reform of Naples, because no one is ready to die for it; I can get the unity of Italy, because thousands of Italians are ready to die for it."

We have been amazed at the way in which the men we know heard the call and went to unspeakable hardships and even death. We did not know it was in them. Why not? Because we had never tested them by the offer of a great cause. Some of them went for the sake of their king, some for the love of their country, and some for the welfare of the world.

Proudly they gathered, rank on rank, to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar.
All they had hoped for, all they had, they gave,
To save mankind; themselves they scorned to
save.

This woman resisted the fascination of Christ. But she could not resist it always. She came too near to withstand it longer. You know Sir Isaac Newton's law of attraction. The force of attraction, he says, is in proportion to the greatness of

the power that attracts and its nearness to that which it is attracting. The power of Christ was too great for her. 'Strong beyond speech,' she calls Him. And she came too near.

What brought her near? No doubt it was her determination to reach reality. Seizing St. Mark's Gospel she would go aside, resolved to see for herself. 'What does the Gospel tell us that He actually did when He was on earth? What is the impression that He actually made upon those who lived with Him?'

If she was engaged in war work, in helping or in healing, that would bring her near. For He was Himself a healer and a helper. As soon as His ministry began He went straight to those who needed His help. St. Mark has not finished his first chapter before he has Him involved in Red Cross work from morning to night. And He encouraged others. St. Mark begins his second chapter with the story of the four men who carried the paralytic into His presence. How can any one who has ever had to do with suffering escape His fascination? He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. 'Peace, peace, I follow. Why must we love Thee so?'

The value of what is here called the Fascination of Christ has been brought out vividly by one of the most successful, and deservedly successful, religious teachers of our day, Mr. E. A. BURROUGHS.

Mr. BURROUGHS has published a book with the title of *The Faith of Friends* (Nisbet; 2s. net). He has discovered a contradiction in the lives of the men who have been at the front and are now coming home from it. 'There has been a strange disintegration of the individual. Part of him has consciously, visibly, grown and been glorified; other parts have fallen into a sort of decay. In

the soldier, especially, those sides of himself which the religion of Active Service has penetrated, have developed almost unbelievably, and produced a growth of romantic, old-world heroism in the second decade of this century which none of us would have believed possible in the first. The reign of discipline has, within the region covered by it, produced a revelation which has staggered even those in whom it appears. The none too steady driver of a rural steam-roller before the war, who, when a live bomb slipped and fell in his dug-out, stripped off his tunic, threw it over the bomb, and sat down on it, thereby winning ghastly wounds and the V.C., when asked by his friends at home what made him do it, could only answer that "he must have forgotten himself"—a saying far profounder than he knew.'

'But side by side with the revelation of latent good there has been the great outcrop of latent evil—sometimes in the same individual on the same day. The man who has saved a comrade's life in the morning, will, on occasion, steal his supper or blanket the same night; the officer who showed all the splendour of self-effacing leadership in the trenches yesterday may be among the unabashed frequenters of the house of vice in Béthune or Armentières to-day. And very likely neither he nor his friends nor his commanding officer regard the two things as inconsistent. The latter will, quite possibly, come down upon him heavily for minor neglect of his men's bodily comfort, and later encourage him to have "a good time"—at the expense of some woman's soul.'

How are we to account for this astounding contradiction? It is not difficult to account for it. The men are taken possession of by a cause which is great enough to make them render up their lives for it, but not religious enough to make them reverence their bodies and souls. They have fought for something which seemed to them worth fighting for. But it has been a secular thing. They have been fascinated by a world in which their own country shall be supremely great. Some-

times its expression has been 'Rule Britannia!' and sometimes something more. It has not, in these cases of divided personality, been a religious thing. The fascination has not been the fascination of Christ.

'What is needed,' says Mr. BURROUGHS, 'is to find and propagate a faith that will cover with its claim a man's whole life—one which, in its working, will resemble the Army religion, but, in its efficacy, will pervade and penetrate his inner as well as his official self.'

To the foregoing postscript add another.

In the book just referred to Mr. BURROUGHS has a good example, as we have seen, of what is meant by selflessness. The soldier who sat down on the bomb said he must have forgotten himself.

It is a good example. But it differs from the selflessness of Christ. He never forgot Himself. Of all those who have been seen on earth He alone was perfectly selfless. But, if we may use the phrase, He had always all His wits about Him. He knew what He did when He made Himself of no reputation. When He submitted unto death He knew that there were more than twelve legions of angels eager to snatch Him from it.

That is how it came to pass that selflessness in Christ coincided with the most unbounded assertion of self. For selflessness is not denial of one's personality, it is the offering of the personality for others' good. And the greater the personality the grander the offering.

Mr. BURROUGHS has not come to it in the way that we have come, but what he says is in harmony. 'God,' he says, 'is, in effect, Personality without "Self"—the only completely and naturally selfless Being in the universe. That is what we mean by saying that "God is Love." And yet He is also Personality at its fullest and best—Personality so far surpassing the range of our own that we

cannot speak of Him as "a Person," but only as "Three Persons in One God." And the greatness of His Personality is not in spite of, but because of, His selflessness. All of which is, of course, but a mysterious tangle of words, till we look at it in the light of our own experience of love; and then we seem at least to begin to understand both God and ourselves. "Love is from God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."'

'Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.' And ever since then the world has wondered, not why the young man kissed the maiden, but why he lifted up his voice and wept. It has been reserved for Sir J. G. FRAZER to furnish the explanation.

Sir J. G. FRAZER, the author of *The Golden Bough*, has just published three massive volumes on *Folk-lore in the Old Testament* (Macmillan; 37s. 6d. net). There was a time when the book would have been condemned to the flames, and the author would have been lucky to escape following it. We are men of milder manners. Perhaps also of easier consciences. For in nearly every prominent institution in the Old Testament, and in nearly every religious custom, Sir J. G. FRAZER finds traces of what he calls Folk-lore. And Folk-lore is just the survival into civilization of superstition and savagery.

But it is well for us, as it is well for Sir J. G. FRAZER, that we are living under better laws. Otherwise we might have missed the testimony which this strict inquisitor of tradition has to say about the higher side of the Old Testament. 'The annals of savagery and superstition,' he says, 'unhappily compose a large part of human literature; but in what other volume shall we find, side by side with that melancholy record, psalmists who poured forth their sweet and solemn strains of meditative piety in the solitude of the hills or in green pastures and beside still waters; prophets who lit up their beatific visions of a blissful future

with the glow of an impassioned imagination; historians who bequeathed to distant ages the scenes of a remote past embalmed for ever in the amber of a pellucid style? These are the true glories of the Old Testament and of Israel; these, we trust and believe, will live to delight and inspire mankind, when the crudities recorded alike in sacred and profane literature shall have been purged away in a nobler humanity of the future.'

There is something more in the Old Testament than even all that. But we come to the weeping of Jacob when he kissed Rachel. It belongs, says Sir J. G. FRAZER, to the lower side of ancient Hebrew life. It is a survival of savagery and superstition.

It is found in savage countries still, and over a large part of the earth. It is found, after kissing, or along with it, in New Zealand, in the Andaman Islands, in North and in South America. And wherever it is found it is a matter not of emotion, but of custom and convention.

That does not mean that it is a matter of no account. 'In New Zealand (Sir James FRAZER quotes from W. Yate, *An Account of New Zealand*, 1835), should a friend be going a short voyage to Port Jackson, or Van Dieman's Land, a great display of outward feeling is made: it commences with a kind of ogling glance, then a whimper, and an affectionate exclamation; then a tear begins to glisten in the eye; a wry face is drawn; then they will shuffle nearer to the individual, and at length cling round his neck. They then begin to cry outright, and to use the flint about the face and arms; and, at last, to roar most outrageously, and almost to smother with kisses, tears, and blood, the poor fellow who is anxious to escape all this.'

But it is not the expression of grief. The same writer says: 'There is much of the cant of affection in all this; for they can keep within a short distance of the person over whom they know they must weep, till they have prepared themselves by think-

ing, and have worked themselves up to the proper pitch; when, with a rush of pretended eagerness, they grasp their victim (for that is the best term to use), and commence at once to operate upon their own bodies, and upon his patience.' 'I spoke to them,' he says, 'about their hypocrisy, when they knew they did not care, so much as the value of a potato, whether they should ever see those persons again, over whom they had been crying. The answer I received was, "Ha! A New Zealander's love is all outside: it is in his eyes, and his mouth."'

Has it any meaning? Sir J. G. FRAZER believes that it has. That is why he brings it into his book. After he has spoken of various results to the person over whom the weeping takes place, results which may here be left unrecorded, he says: 'Disgusting as such forms of salutation may seem to us, it is not impossible that the application of all these exudations to the person of the stranger was not a mere accident, the effect of uncontrollable emotion, but that it may have been seriously intended to form a corporeal as well as a spiritual union with him by joining parts of their body to his.' If that is so, then Jacob—not so much in kissing Rachel as in weeping over her—made what would now be called a proposal of marriage. There is just one slight weakness in the argument.

Sir James FRAZER almost acknowledges it. It is the unfortunate fact that in all the other examples in the Old Testament, the person weeping is clearly overcome with emotion. It is not the survival of a superstition but a genuine outburst of grief. The cases are Joseph's weeping over Benjamin and afterwards over his father, the weeping of David and Jonathan 'till David exceeded,' and in the Book of Tobit the weeping of Raguel when he discovered that Tobias who had come to his house as a stranger was a near kinsman.

Fourteen years ago a book was published with the title of *The Diary of a Church-goer*. It was published anonymously, and no one that we have

ever heard of guessed the author. A new edition has been issued (Macmillan; 5s. net). The author's name is on the title-page. It is the late Lord COURTNEY of Penwith.

When Lord COURTNEY wrote the book he was a considerable heretic. And he withheld his name because he did not want his friends, his more orthodox friends, to feel constrained in his presence. One of the matters on which he was, or thought he was, heretical was the preference of Esau to Jacob.

If that is heresy there are many heretics in our midst. We are told that it is one of the common objections to the Bible expressed by the British soldier. That the wily and milksop Jacob should be preferred to the honest and athletic Esau is more than the soldier can understand. The soldier prefers Esau. But who does not?

Lord COURTNEY says that the Church does not. Almost every one who preaches about Jacob and Esau 'twists and warps his mind with the feeling that Jacob must be justified, and that a belief in the validity of a promise stolen against the mind of the giver was simply an illustration of supreme piety. I heard one the other day admit that every schoolboy liked Esau better than Jacob, and we were left to understand that he agreed with the schoolboy; but he got rid of Esau by remembering that St. Paul had called him a profane person, and so went on his way.'

What troubles Lord COURTNEY most is the idea that, once Isaac had blessed Jacob, though as the result of a trick, he could not recall the blessing. We wish Sir J. G. FRAZER had dealt with that. He does deal with the trick by which Jacob obtained the blessing. He believes that it is the reminiscence of a legal ceremony once observed for the purpose of substituting a younger for an elder brother. And no doubt if that is true it meets Lord COURTNEY's difficulty, though in a more drastic way than would be readily accepted even by him. It is, however, too uncertain to be

depended on. But Sir J. G. FRAZER deals also with the more serious and much more popular difficulty that Jacob seems to be preferred to Esau.

It is a case of ultimogeniture. Now ultimogeniture—which is the law or custom that gives the inheritance to the youngest son of the family instead of to the eldest—is found in many places, and it is undoubtedly found in the Old Testament. Isaac inherited while Ishmael did not. Joseph was preferred by Jacob to his other sons, and when he was lost and another son was born, Benjamin became the favourite. And not only the favourite, for the name Benjamin means 'the son of the right hand,' and that this title marks him out as the lawful heir appears to be indicated by the remarkable account of the way in which Jacob, in blessing his two grandsons, the sons of Joseph, deliberately preferred the younger to the elder by laying his right hand on the head of the younger (Ephraim) and his left hand on the head of the elder (Manasseh), in spite of the protest of their father Joseph, who had placed his sons before their grandfather in such a position that he would naturally lay his right hand on the elder and his left hand on the younger; so that the old man was obliged to cross his hands over his breast in order to reach the head of the younger with his right hand, and the head of the elder with his left.

There are other examples in the Bible. David cannot be forgotten, nor the fact that David left the kingdom to 'one of his younger sons, Solomon, deliberately setting aside one of his elder sons, Adonijah, who claimed the crown.' But the custom has been found elsewhere. It has been found in England. It is found in England to this day. The title under which it goes in this country is Borough English. For there were at one time, in Nottingham for example, two tenures of land, one called Borough French, by which the tenements descended to the eldest son as at common law; the other called Borough English, by which the tenements descended to the youngest son.

Well, the argument is that in seizing the birth-right and the blessing Jacob was within his right. It was Esau that was the usurper.

The Rev. John ADAMS, B.D., is an acute observer of the times, and an unwearying student of the Old Testament. In the Old Testament there is a certain doctrine which is called vicarious suffering. It had been slipping out of sight before the War, all things being so well with us. Mr. ADAMS sees, what the war has shown to all the world, that it is the most sublime fact of life. He has accordingly written a book on *The Suffering of the Best* (T. & T. Clark; 3s. 6d. net).

The suffering of the *best*—for the revelation is not that one can suffer for another, the heart of it is that the best must suffer for all the rest. When the war began it was our very best that joined up at once and perished. We grudged their sacrifice. It seemed to be so great a loss to the race as well as to us. But they did not grudge it. They gave themselves willingly. If they were indeed the best—physically, mentally, morally—that was just the reason, they answered, why they should go first. And they were right.

We see now that they were right. We are not thinking of what they themselves gained by losing their lives, we are thinking of the gain to the world. We see that it is better for the world that a man should give his life for it, than that he should live to be an example to it. The impression is deeper. It means more to the world. Above all, it means more to God.

And it is how things appear to God that makes the difference. Mr. ADAMS, we have said, is an

Old Testament student. He seems to be especially a student of Isaiah. Now Isaiah had this gift that he could see things as God sees them. The world of Isaiah's day did not see things so. The nations round Israel saw a contemptible little people lying in the dust at their feet. They were ready to drive their war chariots over it and make an end of it. Isaiah also saw Israel in its agony. But he saw that the suffering and the shame, so ruthlessly inflicted by the world around, was borne for the sake of the very world that inflicted it. Then he put his vision into the mouth of the nations themselves, as if they had seen it with him. 'Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.'

So the contemptible Israelite is the chosen of God for the regeneration—what is our world? reconstruction—of the world. And as God's choice is always the choice of the willing, it is the choice of the best of all the inhabitants of the world. We cannot understand Israel otherwise. God is no respecter of persons or of nations. They willingly offered themselves, they alone, and so His choice fell on them—to suffer vicariously for the sin of the whole world.

You prefer to say that He chose One—an Israelite indeed, the only Israelite in whom there was no guile. You do well. For it must always be the very best available. Isaiah saw Israel suffer vicariously for the world; it was the highest height of the vision that was granted him, and it was very high. But (thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift) we see beyond Isaiah. We see God not sparing His own Son but giving Him up for us all.

The Foolishness of Preaching.

BY THE REV. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF HACKNEY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, LONDON,
AND DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF THEOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

LET me magnify the office of the Christian prophet. And let me do it in connexion with one of the issues most warm to-day, the idea of miracle. And let it be done by an attempt to rescue the gospel from either the speech on the one hand, or the sermon on the other. It is the sermon that people are tired of rather than the gospel.

The gospel of God's holy love in the form of forgiving grace is the greatest miracle in the world. It is the most wonderful, inexplicable, and supernatural thing in the world that the holy should forgive the unholy, the anti-holy. And it is the most supernatural of acts to believe it. Nothing less than a miracle is needed to make a man a thorough Christian—or shall I put it more safely, and say to make mankind thoroughly Christian? Forgiveness is, in the same act, regeneration, which is the monopoly of God. 'Ye must be born again.' We need not wait to grasp the psychology of the new birth before we own the reality and necessity of it. The most essential thing, as the Lord shows, is a change of heart beyond human power. Miracle of some kind is more essential to religion, and is more at home in it, the more religious and the more inward it grows. *Real preaching is more than persuasive, more than kind, far more than interesting. It is at bottom generative. And in consequence it is 'folly.' It is a miracle. If not irrational, it is superrational. In conversion it expects a miracle. And he who would preach a miracle miraculously must live as a miracle.

In all true and effective preaching of the gospel there is a miracle of a moral kind far more searching for the conscience than the most imaginative impressionism from the miracle of the Mass. That is very great. And were our object but impression we could have to come back there; we should return to the Mass, which is more impressive than most sermons. But real conversion is a greater miracle than transubstantiation. And the gospel which produces it is so impressive because it is more than impressive—it is creative. Conversion is not (as James puts it) the eruption of the subliminal, it is the miracle of the new creation.

When this gospel of moral redemption is duly preached the case is quite different from the delivery of a speech or an address; and many succeed in the one who fail in the other. The speech is an expression, as profound or passionate as you will, of human judgment on a situation or an idea. But the gospel is both uttered and owned, with whatever aid from human genius, as the one action and the one judgment of God on the world which is required by its moral case; it is an utterance and agency of God; it is the action of His judgment-grace. The one, the speech, makes convictions, the other, the gospel, makes souls. The one moves us to take a step, the other to the great action of worship and the life of obedience which is faith. The preacher may persuade, but God in him creates. It is God who speaks in the apostle's message, though not in every view or statement ventured in the course of the message. The burthen of that message is God's judgment passed on the world. It is God's estimate of what was called for by our crisis. In the Cross God's act of holy judgment has as much to do with the saving of the world as love's act of sacrifice. Christ is not just the divine symbol of sacrifice but our propitiation, our sin-bearer. God's reaction, His retaliation on human sin, His judgment on the world, was Christ. If we might put it so, we struck God with sin and He retaliated with—Christ: with Christ made more than flesh for us, made sin. Christ shows both God's opinion of man and His sentence on him. God dooms us in Christ—to the greatness of the new creation and Eternal Life. Such is His judgment passed on us—His saving Cross and expiation in Christ. And our response is the judgment we pass on God's—not an opinion, but a verdict, a choice, a life decision, and one of the like wondrous kind. It is an act of committal, and not only a sentiment of appreciation. It is not a matter of disposition, but of self-disposal. It is an act and judgment of faith which feels and treats grace as the moral miracle. And such faith holds of the miraculous itself.

Hence when we treat the gospel not as a speech for God but as the Word from God, when we so

confess and preach it, that is an act miraculous in its nature. The Holy Ghost takes a hand. Miracle answers miracle, deep calls to deep. Psychology has not subdued that experience to its province—yet. It cannot. That would reduce religion to science. But evangelical faith is an ultimate paradox. It makes the evangelical pulpit as miraculous as the Roman altar. I put it that, in the psychology of the matter, it is a miraculous act we do when we answer Christ's gospel by living faith, however we may treat sermons—when we answer it as the intervention and rescue of us by a present God—when we treat it not as the view or surmise of man, not even as Christ's view of God (for that might be mistaken), but as God in Christ, God acting in the miracle that chiefly makes the Incarnation miraculous. That is the miracle not of Christ's birth but of Christ crucified and risen as the creative *reality* inside His impressive *value*. How we pass from the impression on us by Christ to the reality of God's action there is one of the most vivid interests of theology, and I have discussed it elsewhere (most recently in the *Hibbert Journal*, July 1918) as landing us in the deepest miracle in our faith and its chief authority. It is a miraculous thing when we thus abolish time and recognize God speaking and acting to-day by the same real presence of Christ as two thousand years ago walked the earth. It is the miracle in the Sacrament that the old historic Redeemer should stand in our midst, making nothing of time, and stand there *quâ* Redeemer and not merely as a benign presence; that His one eternal act should function ever anew within the Church's act and rite (the Church not living, but He living and doing in it); that He should be giving in detail there what He gave in the gross in the upper room, and making over to us repeatedly what He did with God on the Cross compendiously, perfectly, finally, eternally; that He should keep giving to men by a rite what He gave once for all to God in His death; that He should act, within the Church's act, in a way that transcends and abolishes the years, and makes time run back to find its reality in a superlative person and an incredible, eternal act, which no time can exclude, wither, or stale in its infinite variety. It is a miracle of the moral kind that the crucified should be bodily (*i.e.* personally) here, so that time and place fade and make no barrier

between then and now, but that we partake of His flesh and blood as He partook and partakes of ours. All that is one form of the vital miracle at the centre of the Christian life. It is the standing miracle of an incarnation more moral than metaphysical, more redemptive than even adorable, of a holy Eternity in Time, of God acting in Christ, of Christ moving in each day and year, of the far future *goal* and finality of things working by anticipation as their immanent and self-evolving *ground* always.

The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

Hamlet, I. i.¹

It is the miracle of Eternity as simultaneous succession. It is the moral paradox of Christ made sin for us and not merely made flesh.

Such is the philosophic, the mystic miracle, as we might call it, in the gospel's action. But it involves also the psychological miracle of the new creation in us, far deeper and diviner than any reinforced amendment or subsidized improvement of ours, even if the help is God's. And at the height and heart of it all is the moral miracle of grace, that the absolutely holy should so much as touch the unholy, to say nothing of His touching to heal, redeem, and save into His Kingdom.

It is a current demand (and a valuable) that more should be done in the way of psychologizing religion, of using for its intimacy some of the skill in winding ourselves into the recesses of the soul which is shown, for instance, in the modern novel with so much power and with varying effect. But it is still more necessary that religion should be moralized, that its ethic should be adjusted anew to the moral miracle of our forgiven freedom. We should come to feel that where religion is most deep, in Christian or Pagan, so much the more at home it is in the region of moral miracle, however critical it may be of miracles in particular and detail. For religion is mystical *action*, it is not brooding on mystery, nor absorption in it. It is not spiritual imagination or elevation alone. The greatest miracle in the world and the least imitable is the love of enemies. It is Christ's chief miracle, and it takes another miracle to reproduce it. To those who believe Christ is thus precious. If they cannot do a miracle they *are* one, and one of His. They are more than conquerors, they are redeemed.

¹ By the way, is this not one of the most liquid and musical lines in English poetry?

In the Study.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Epiphany.

'The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'—Is 60¹.

THERE is no great word of which we have lost use so entirely as this word 'glory.' We never employ it in conversation, we seem to have no reason to employ it. We never come across it in reading, unless it be in a rare poetical phrase, such as 'the glory of the sunset.' We do not hear it from the pulpit except in the quotation of the text of the Bible.

And yet it is a very great word. In the Bible it is used with remarkable frequency and apparently with a vast variety of meanings. 'Nevertheless,' as the author of the article in the DICTIONARY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE GOSPELS says, 'the underlying thought is simpler than would appear.' And he adds, 'The glory of God is His essential and unchanging Godhead as revealed to man.'

Mark the words 'as revealed.' The glory of God is His nature *when it is seen*. Our Lord speaks of 'the Son of man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and great glory' (Mt 24³⁰). When He was upon the earth His essential nature was not known. He greatly desired that it should be known, for in that lay all the hope for men. So He prayed the Father, and said, 'Glorify me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.' And He knew that the day was coming when it would be known—when, as He said, He would come on the clouds with power and great glory.

What is the 'essential nature' of God? It is His goodness. We must not hesitate to use that word. We have not altogether lost the use of it yet, as we have lost the use of 'glory.' And we must not forget it. It is the very word that God Himself used when He spoke to Moses. Moses said, 'Shew me Thy glory, Thy goodness.' And God answered, 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee' (Ex 33^{18, 19}). His goodness is His essential nature, and when His goodness is *seen*, that is His glory.

We may see His goodness in many ways. We may see it in the earth, if we have eyes to see. When Isaiah had his vision of God's holiness, he was told that it does not require a supernatural power to see the holiness, which is another name

for the goodness, of God. The Seraphim sang their song of adoration, and said, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the fulness of the whole earth is his glory.' Our English versions translate the words of the Seraphim, 'The whole earth is full of his glory,' which is quite true, but not an accurate translation. And the accurate translation is better: 'The fulness of the whole earth is his glory.' For this earth of ours is a world on which He has lavished the riches of His nature. It is a full earth. At the return of every season we scatter a few seeds on the soil of it, and it brings forth 'some an hundred fold.' Test its inexhaustibleness, He seems to say. It is full of the goodness of God. And when you see how full it is, you see the glory of God. Its fulness is His glory.

(1) Do you remember the very first occasion on which the glory of the Lord is spoken of in the Bible? It is when the Israelites, on their way through that great and terrible wilderness, complained that they had not food enough. 'And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt: and in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord' (Ex 16⁶). Well, what happened in the morning? In the morning the people rose betimes, and looked out, and behold upon the face of the wilderness lay a small round thing, small as the hoar frost on the ground. It was the manna.

Where had it come from? Some say it came from a small creeping plant that maintains a precarious existence in that very wilderness, or did so once, and that there was no miracle about it. But what do they mean by a miracle? If it was 'an edible lichen,' and if the same edible lichen is found in Arabia to this day, what then? The fulness of the whole earth is His glory. On that morning, and not before, the Israelites saw how possible it was for God, and how easy, to say to the earth, Give forth some of thy fulness that they may see how good I am. And the earth gave forth of its fulness in the form of 'a small edible lichen,' till all the Israelites ate and were filled.

(2) One day a great company of the descendants of those Israelites were gathered in another desert place, listening to the wonderful words of the Son of God. The day wore away as they listened and wondered. When evening was at hand His disciples would have sent them away that they might go into the villages and buy themselves bread, 'for we are here in a desert place.' But He said, 'Give ye them to eat.' And very soon they were all satisfying themselves with bread, five hundred of them, besides women and children, as they sat in batches, like beds of flowers, among the green grass. Where had the bread come from? It came from 'the fulness of the earth.' The five loaves which they had were capable in His hands of being turned into as many loaves as were needed, to the great joy and satisfaction of that astonished

multitude, just as the 'precious seed' which the sower goes forth with in the spring-time becomes in the autumn great sheaves of joy and thankfulness. And they who had eyes to see said afterwards, 'We beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father.'

5. But the fulness of the whole earth covers other things besides loaves of bread. When God promised to make all His goodness pass before Moses, and thus show him His glory, He added, 'And I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy.' Grace and mercy belong to God's goodness, and when we come upon Him in the exercise of them we see His glory.

Now we come upon God in the exercise of grace and mercy, best of all in the Cross of Jesus Christ. For that Cross is His mercy and His grace in active evident exercise. Or, to take mercy and grace and express them in one word, we find in the Cross of Christ the activity of God's self-sacrificing love. We do not reach the height of the glory of God till we have reached the love of God. Is not this His nature? 'God is love.' Let us not drop goodness, but let us see to it that goodness takes exercise to keep itself warm. Let us say that the goodness of God is the love of God; and when we find the loving goodness of God going forth to men in the Cross of Christ, let us say, with the joyful surprise of the early disciples, 'We beheld his glory.'

First Sunday after Epiphany.

'And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.'—Lk 2⁵².

From the time when Jesus at the age of twelve visited Jerusalem with His parents, there is an interval of eighteen years until the date of His baptism, during which we know next to nothing of His life. Our text informs us that He returned to Nazareth from the holy city, and was subject to His parents; from another place, where He is called 'the carpenter,' we learn that He followed that employment; from another still, we learn that His manner was on the Sabbath day to read the Scriptures in the synagogue. These are all the particulars left on record for us belonging to this period of a life more glorious, more eventful, than any other since the world began.

But Archbishop Trench has observed that the

reserve, the sacred silence of the Word is richer fuller of meaning, more teaching than the narrative of ordinary history. In the spirit of that remark let us inquire, as far as can be done, what was the use of the early life of our Lord, and how it bore upon the later periods of His public ministry? Can we not make it strongly probable that a divine wisdom presided over this silent interval, laid up in treasures of thought and character for His future years, and fitted Him in the stillness and lowliness of the Galilean village for the highest office that man ever filled?

Are there any who do not believe in the normal human development of the Lord Jesus? To such persons He is a simple miracle of existence; one who knew, when a child whatever He knew when a man; one in whom there was a growth nor advance; always and equally full of God; and by consequence hiding His knowledge from the first, until the occasion came for making use of it. But this is a very false and unscriptural view. It is inconsistent with our text which tells us that Jesus *increased in wisdom and in favour with God*. It would, in fact, make the man Jesus a mere appearance, a vehicle for concealing omniscience. It thus presents Him to us, no longer as growing and rising according to the law of incorrupt manhood, but as a prodigy, having nothing in common with man in the movements of His intellect, and therefore incapable of exercising the feelings of a human finite soul. That thus in fact the human in Christ must be destroyed is apparent. Such a view of Him gets its support from the gospel, nor from ancient faith.¹

Yet when we say that our Saviour's childhood and youth were a growth or progress from lower to higher degrees of knowledge and wisdom, we do not therefore impute to Him error; for whilst simple ignorance is no sin in any child or man—unless it be of those things which all men are bound to know—error is more than this—it is a deliberate fault of judgment, and therefore sin; and in Him was no sin. On the other hand, growth in wisdom and knowledge is a kind of perfection; it is the perfection of the creature to increase in the knowledge of the Creator, to be changed from glory of glory, to advance more and more to the likeness of the unchangeable goodness.²

What, then, were the influences under which He grew in wisdom and was prepared for His ministry?

1. First and foremost let us place the mother and the home. These are the paramount forces in the training of a child. The mother, and not the schoolmistress, is by nature itself made the teacher of the human race. From our mothers—or from those who act a mother's part—we learn, each of us, to speak, and to walk, and to love. By her

¹ T. D. Woolsey, *The Religion of the Present and the Future*, 11.

² W. R. Churton, *Theological Papers and Sermons*, 179.

first and lasting lessons are taught of obedience, punctuality, of patience, and of trust. And, therefore, when God sent forth His Son into the world, to be born of woman, one woman was pre-destined for that unique honour who was pre-eminent in every feature of the saintly character. Much at least we may say, after reading what Scripture tells us of the sayings and doings of the blessed Virgin Mary. Of the foster-father, Joseph, Scripture tells us less; we are left to infer that he was early removed by death. But in one emphatic word we are plainly told that Joseph, the husband, was a *righteous* man. The home, therefore, where the Saviour was born and nurtured was a home of pure piety towards God and man, a household of pure and gentle thoughts, honest words and deeds, generous and holy feelings lent their natural grace to the daily life.

But, again, 'Jesus increased in wisdom,' through intercourse with Nature. His eyes were continually open to the glories of nature round him, and His mind was peculiarly sensitive to the truths that nature taught. The wholesome air of the hills and fields of Galilee breathes ever in His remembrance. Nor shall we wonder at it when we recall all the fact that most of the life of Jesus was passed amid scenes of beauty. Nazareth itself, no doubt, was a mean enough place—a cluster of flat-roofed dwellings, steep streets, and crooked cross-ways, huddled together in an amphitheatre of rocky hills. Yet spreading all round were lands of such rich fertility that an old-time traveller likened them to Paradise. Here were green meadows and luxuriant cornfields. Here was abundance of olives and fig-trees and vines. Here, too, were streams, and variegated flowers, and herbs of sweet perfume. Above and behind the town there was a hill, which Jesus in His youth must many a time have climbed. And from its summit one might gaze on a magnificent panorama of plain and vine-clad valley, of mountain-peak and river gorge, and the blue of a distant sea. For thirty years it was the prospect of our Lord. Upon that hill, swept by refreshing breezes—the grass beneath, the azure heights above—the Saviour felt His soul expand in sympathy with nature, in which He saw reflected—oh, so clearly—the loving-kindness of His Father's heart.

The silent years at Nazareth enabled Him to meditate long and deeply on the Scriptures. A quietude characteristic of our Lord, from the first

moment of His public ministry onward, is His reverence for and familiarity with the Scriptures. In the wilderness the tempter is rebuked by sentences from the divine word. At the Last Supper, the words which institute the rite, take their colouring from certain most important passages in the prophets. His words of agony on the cross are in the language of the 22nd Psalm. And when the risen Lord appeared to His disciples, He 'opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.'

4. Jesus, no doubt, attended regularly the ordinary worship of the synagogue, as we see Him in this day's Gospel beginning at the first opportunity to attend the great festivals in Jerusalem. The synagogue and its influences were, no doubt, closely connected with His growth in wisdom. Week by week for more than twenty years He heard the Old Testament explained during the service of God. All the tender and softening associations which belong to our memories of the religious worship of our youth belonged also to Jesus. We carry these memories with us through manhood. They tell insensibly upon our life. Great is their power to warn us in temptation, to guard us from the first approach of ill, to remind us of innocence, to keep before us an ideal of goodness, to prevent us from being wholly enslaved by the world, the flesh, and the devil.

5. Once more, 'Jesus increased in wisdom' through intercourse with men and women. Our Lord was not denied such means of self-education as companionship affords. He never was a solitary. He loved, indeed, the quietness of the deserts and the hills, but He also loved the breathing crowds, the eager populations of the villages and towns, the busy life of the streets. At fountain and in market-place He mingled with the people, and with searching, questioning gaze He studied them. The farmer, the slave, the officer of justice, the dealer in pearls on the sea, the long-robed Pharisee and the anxious housewife, the labourer waiting to be hired and the criminal dragging along his heavy cross—all the types He knew. And was it not fitting that He who became pre-eminently the Friend of man should first Himself have gained experience of man?

6. Lastly, He wrought with His hands. 'Is not this the carpenter?' The hands that made the heavens made ploughs and household furniture. The hands that were nailed to the cross themselves

wrought in wood. The hands that hold the sceptre of universal power plied the implements of the carpenter's trade. He worked. If you had taken Christ's hand in yours you would have found it rough with labour; and He has been depicted as a young stalwart carpenter, raising Himself for a moment from His exhausting toil at the bench; and while His feet stand deep in shavings, His figure casts behind Him the shadow of a cross. The first Adam worked upon the hard soil to till it; the second Adam laboured to keep His mother when the good Joseph died. Every morning awoke Him to toil.

It is often thought to add to a man's power among men, if he is born in a high place, and commands the respect of mankind as well by his ancestry and station, as by what he is. But the power to act upon men, so far as it depends on feeling with them, and being felt with by them, is generally abridged by position above the major part of mankind: at least, however high a man rises above his fellows, there should be a chord of common feeling, never forgotten and never extinguished sympathies between him and them, which early life on their level had kindled or strengthened. Hence it is that those monarchs who have risen from the people can know them better, and come closer to their admiration and their hearts, than such as have inherited the throne.¹

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.'—Ro 12¹⁵.

1. The power of sympathy, the genuine fellow-feeling with others is a mighty power in the world. It is the most attractive, the most truly winning of all the gifts that man can have. Regarded merely as an accomplishment, it would rank very highly, and many who would scorn to cultivate the real virtue think it incumbent on themselves as gentlemen and men of the world to learn at least to assume its appearance in society.

How many of us can look back to some times of our life when a cheering word has helped us through clouds of difficulties, when a kindly look has made the world seem brighter; surely when we think what we have gained at times from the sympathy of another, we have cause to wonder that so small a gift is ever withheld, that our fellow-men are ever left without that cup of cold water, which it costs the giver such little trouble to bring.²

2. But is it needful for the apostle to write in this wise to professed Christians? Surely the very fact that they are Christians implies that their

sympathies are rich and ample, stretching across the whole field of man's complex life! And yet is true to-day, as in the days of the apostle, that there are many Christians whose sympathies are poverty-stricken and scanty. No mourner would ever dream of going to them for sympathetic tears; no child would ever leap toward them for sympathetic joy.

There is a type of piety which is hard, and dry, and severe; it has no gracious tears, it never breaks into winning smiles; it neither laughs nor cries; it is unresponsive. And this type of piety is always in peril of growing harder with the years. It shrinks and becomes more and more exclusive, more and more self-centred, more and more self-contained. The few feelers which it originally possessed are drawn one by one, or they become benumbed and atrophied; and in later years the entire life is lived in most unbecoming detachment.³

3. Yet the duty of sympathy is bound up with the whole Christian conception of life. It does not depend on the authority of this or that text; it springs directly from our intimate relation to mankind revealed to us in Christ. A Christian without sympathy is like fire without light or heat, a moral impossibility. We say nothing of the *measure* of sympathy of which each individual is capable; that often depends upon the constitution of the individual. Some are deficient in power of imagination; it is difficult for them to realize the experiences, whether joyful or sorrowful, of others; but such persons find the same difficulty in recalling and realizing anew their own experiences in the past. Some, again, feel less acutely than others, are less excitable, and are consequently less easily moved, either by their own joys and sorrows or by those of others. Perhaps the standard capacity is here in our hand. Do we share the joys and sorrows of others, not perhaps as vividly and intensely as we should feel them were they our own, but as vividly and intensely as a recent similar experience of our own would affect us? But if we have *no* sympathy at all with others, then we are falling short of our duty, we are deficient in the marks of a healthy spiritual life. 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' said the apostle, 'and so fulfil the law of Christ.' 'He that loveth God,' says another apostle, 'let him love his brother also.'

We must learn from experience—our own experience and the experience of other men—how much God trusts to the ministry of human sympathy for the restoration and healing

¹ T. D. Woolsey, *The Religion of the Present and the Future*, 15.

² M. Creighton, *The Claims of the Common Life*, 21.

³ J. H. Jowett, in *The British Congregationalist*, Feb. 2 1907, p. 180.

broken, wounded souls. Every miracle of repair that sympathy works is His call to us to suffer with them that suffer, to weep with them that weep. 'When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for thou art with me." When was he glad, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.' That is what sympathy can do for suffering; it is a light in the dark throat of the pass, the voice of a friend in the solitude that wasteth at noonday.¹

4. The word sympathy is too commonly used only for feeling with the grief of others, as though that were the only occasion to call out our hearts. So, here as in all parts of human nature there must be no one-sided development, he who would do real good to his fellows must not be content with serving only the hospitals of human souls, he must not reserve his tenderness only for woe, or start with his kindliness only to tears. Does thy brother need thy help on the bed of sickness or in the moments when his heart is wrung by agony, more than he does when the laugh is loud around him and high spirits are rising higher, and excitement is beginning to affect his moral balance? Surely then, too, the kindly look of a true friend, the gentle warning of a trusted companion, is as much needed as in any other emergency of his life.

Joy sympathy is of finer substance than sorrow sympathy. There are many who are touched by another's sorrows who are quite unmoved by his joys. They can 'cloud over' at the story of his grief; they do not shine at the recital of his triumphs. They can play at funerals; they have no taste for weddings. They can moan, but they cannot sing. Their joy-bell is very rusty and creaky, while their passing-bell is in excellent order. All this means that the joy in human life is enormously impoverished. We do not go out of ourselves; we stay too much at home. We have no splendid correspondences with our fellows, and we do not warm ourselves at their fires. We just dig down into our own hearts for our joy, or we cultivate a little garden patch of our own affairs, and we don't seek our delight in a wider public good. Our nest is confined to self, and does not cover our brother. And so our joy is not 'full.'²

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

'And it shall come to pass that, before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'—
65²⁴.

That is God's promise in regard to prayer. Is our experience? Have we found that we had

scarcely uttered our request when it was granted? We have not. And the reason lies, not in God, and not always in the kind of request that we make. It nearly always lies in ourselves. Not what we ask but what we are—that determines God's silence.

Look at Christ on earth. Three times He had requests made to Him, and each time He refused to answer. The men were His judges—Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod. Why did He not answer them?

1. Take Pilate first. Pilate was an irreligious man. Once when some disturbance took place among certain Galileans in the Temple, Pilate sent soldiers right into the Temple, who slew some of the men there, and their blood mingled with their sacrifices. Only an irreligious man could have done that.

But he was superstitious, as all irreligious men are. It is the way human nature takes its revenge. For we are made for God, and if we refuse to worship Him we are sure to worship some of His creatures. One day, while Pilate was examining Jesus, a message came from his wife: 'Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.' Think of a judge sitting on the bench influenced in his judgment by a message like that! But Pilate's wife knew Pilate. A little later the Jews warned Pilate that Jesus called Himself a King. Pilate smiled. But when they said that He made Himself the Son of God, Pilate 'was the more afraid; and he entered into the palace again, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer.'

2. Take Caiaphas next. Unlike Pilate, Caiaphas was a religious man. He was the religious Head of the most religious people that the world has ever seen. As High Priest he entered into the Holy of Holies, with the blood of sprinkling, which he sprinkled on the mercy-seat, for his own sins and for the sins of the people. As he returned the people waited for him and he blessed them in the name of Jehovah.

But Caiaphas was a hypocrite. That is to say, his religion had no influence on his life. It was all on the outside: it never affected his will. He was selfish, and all the show of religiousness which he had to go through did not make him one whit less selfish.

One day news was brought to him that a man had been raised from the dead by Jesus a few miles

¹ G. Jackson, *Memoranda Paulina*, 171.

² J. H. Jowett, in *The British Congregationalist*, Feb. 21, 1897, p. 180.

from Jerusalem. Caiaphas called together the Council. As they debated what was to be done—for there was some danger that the people would take Jesus and make Him their King, and then the Romans would hold Caiaphas and the Council responsible for the rebellion—Caiaphas rose and said, 'Ye know nothing at all, nor do ye take account that it is expedient for you that one man should die.' And from that time they watched until they got their opportunity.

When Jesus was brought before Caiaphas, he had already resolved to condemn Him to death, and his witnesses were at hand. But they did not agree well, and Caiaphas took the matter into his own hands. He 'stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? *But he held his peace, and answered nothing.*'

3. Take Herod last. Unlike Pilate, Herod was a religious man, and unlike Caiaphas he was really a religious man. All the Herods had an interest in religion. It is doubtful if they would have been able to keep their thrones but for that, for they were not Jews at all, but Edomites. This Herod, called Antipas, had clearly a genuine interest in religion, though no doubt it was a religion that we should not much appreciate. He heard that a great preacher was in his neighbourhood, John the Baptist. He invited him to his palace and gave him a chapel to preach in. He went often himself to hear him; and we are told that 'he did many things' which John bade him do—a good test of a hearer's sincerity.

There was one thing, however, which he would not do. He was guilty of a sin, and he would not give it up. He was living with his brother Philip's wife. And because he would not give up that sin Herod lost his interest in religion and all the joy of doing things for God. It was a gross sin, but it does not take a gross sin to destroy a man's religious life. A little sin will do it if he persists in it. The day was not far off when Herod had to give an order to the executioner to take off the head of the preacher whom he had often heard with so much pleasure.

By and by Herod went up to Jerusalem to the Passover. It was the Passover to which Jesus had gone up to die. As He was being tried by Pilate some one remarked that he belonged to Galilee, of which Herod was king. Pilate jumped at the relief. He sent Him across to Herod for trial.

Herod was glad when he heard that Jesus was coming. He had been anxious for a long time to see Him. When he first heard of Him, he had said a very strange thing. He said, 'It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead.' No doubt he often regretted his speech; but a man's conscience is sure, sooner or later, to make a fool of him, if he outrages it.

But now Jesus was coming to him. Herod hoped to hear Him speak. Perhaps he might again thrill under His words as he had done under the preaching of John the Baptist. 'And he questioned him in many words; *but he answered him nothing.*'

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

NEW YEAR 1919.

Cared for.

'And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not.'—Is 42¹⁶.

THERE were quite a number of young folks in the night train from London on the first Friday of August. They seemed to be nearly all asleep. One little girl woke up with a start about six o'clock in the morning. She could see nothing but what seemed to her great hills all round about. 'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'how have we come here? Was the driver awake all the time? And the guard? And the man who punches the tickets? Everything is so different. Those hills look as if people could build a whole new, big city like London upon them. You could climb up to heaven by them, couldn't you, Mummie?' While the little girl had been sleeping, quite a company of people—the driver, the guard, and the stoker—had been awake and working, so that she and all the other children might have a safe journey. Mothers too had been on the watch most of the time. Even if they did go to sleep for a few minutes, they often woke up to tuck in the wraps about their little ones.

The passing of these years from 1914 till now has been for you boys and girls just like a long night journey. Although for the greater part of the time you felt quite comfortable, now and then there came ugly jolts which you did not like. They brought you unpleasant nightmares. But somehow you always managed to fall asleep again. Now, on this New Year's Sunday of 1919, you are wide awake. Are you not? 'How changed things

e,' you said that week in early November: 'The nights are no longer dark, boys send up fireworks and nobody finds fault with them. Will it always be so?'

1. God has indeed been very good to you boys and girls of this country in letting you dream away what have been years of sorrow and anxiety to many. Think of it; all the time there were dear ones fighting, even giving their lives that you might be led into the light and peace of this New Year. It was not possible for the Belgian children, and any of the boys and girls of France, to forget things as it was for you. They were frightened ways. But to-day they welcome 1919 with you. You can scarcely grasp what peace means to them. They are amazed as they strain their eyes and look first to one side and then to another. It is as if they looked out on a great tract of country where not only new cities but a new world might be built.

There is a novel by a writer called Mark Twain. It is called *The Revolution in the Kitchen's Lane*. He tells of how the boys of a certain tiny hamlet would, on a holiday, trudge the three dusty miles down the lane from the village to the coach road and back again just for the delight of reading the wondrous words 'TO LONDON,' 'TO YORK,' on the finger-post at the end of the lane. It was a glance into something great beyond speech to the boys of Cowfold, just as it was to the little girl when she saw the Scottish hills from the railway train. Or, better still, one is reminded of the historic occasion described by Keats in one of his sonnets. Some of you must have read it at school. He is writing of what he felt when he first looked to the translation of Homer made by an English poet called Chapman:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

2. But neither you nor the little French and Belgian children must remain standing silent in wonder. To-day, you are hand in hand not only with them but with your sisters and brothers of India, Italy, America, our own Canada, Australia, and other countries. It is for you to make up your minds to get ready to do your share in the making

of the new world in which we trust peace is at last to reign. It is a big prospect. You each have a part to play. And God will help you to do it a right if you ask Him. Standing on the threshold of the wonderful New Year 1919 resolve that with God's help you will live to carry out what your fathers and brothers have fought and given their lives for. Thinking of how you were protected during those sad years brought to my mind part of a little poem I read not long ago. Remember the soldiers as you listen.

I build a strong tower for the Children, the Children,
With moat and portcullis I keep it still,
The foe clangs without, but within it the Children
Sleep soundly and sweetly till cock crow shrill.

I wage a holy war for the Children, the Children,
My hand against the world that they may live,
I am cunning and crafty as the fox for her children,
Wise as the serpent lest the Children grieve.

Unless the Lord build it, the house for the Children,
Unless He be with me my labour's vain,
He has thought it, and planned it, the fold for the Children,
Where the lambs are folded without fear or stain.

I fight the holy fight for the Children, the Children,
The Sons of God, glorious, sit down at my board,
Though foes hem us in, shall I fear for the Children,
Fighting the strong fight in the Name of the Lord?

'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.' It was God Himself who led on the soldier boys, and took care of them.

II.

The Banner of Victory.

'In the name of our God we will set up our banners.'—
Ps 20⁵.

On the day the Armistice was signed by Germany, I walked down the streets of one of our

big cities, and what do you think I saw?—Well, just what you might have seen in any of the cities or towns of England that day—crowds of boys and girls shouting and singing and waving flags. Most of the people I met were smiling, but the boys and girls were the happiest of all as they waved their banners of victory. It was the greatest day in their lives.

Now, boys and girls, what you did that day I want you to do always. I want you always to carry a Banner of Victory, and the other name of that Banner is the Banner of Righteousness.

The Psalm from which our text is taken might be called the National Anthem of Israel. It used to be sung before the Israelites went out to battle. Now the Israelites were God's chosen people. When they fought they felt that it was God's battles they were fighting. So when they went forth to battle it was in His name they set up their banners, and then they felt sure of victory.

Now the Banner of Righteousness has God's name on it, and that means two things. It means first that *we are fighting for Him*, and second that *He is fighting for us*.

1. It means that *we are fighting for Him*. All those who fight for right within and without are fighting for God. But why should we fight for right? I want to give you three reasons.

(1) The first is that any one who is not to be on the side of right is to be quite out of it. It is going to be the fashion, as it never was before, to champion right and justice. But that is a poor reason. I will give you a better.

(2) And that is that *we owe it to the men who laid down their lives for us*. They died for us and for the cause of righteousness, but they left their work unfinished. I don't suppose there is a boy here who hasn't regretted that he wasn't old enough to go and fight. But boys, there is something for you to do too. You can live for the cause they died for. You can take up the task they laid down. You can fill the blank—you and you alone. Will you do it? Will you stand for all that is brave, and true, and honourable, and pure?

(3) That brings me to the third reason—*because the country, the world, is looking to the boys and girls to build it up again*. And you can never have a good world without good people in it.

Boys and girls, have you realized how tremendous it is to be alive to-day, how stupendous it is just to

be a boy or a girl? I would give a gold mine to be a boy or a girl just now. You are standing not only at the beginning of a New Year, but at the beginning of a new era, and what sort of era it is going to be depends largely upon you. What kind of world are you going to make, boys and girls? We are waiting to see?

2. But there is one thing we must not forget, for if we forget it our Banner of Victory may turn into a Banner of Defeat. If God's name is on our banner then it means that *He is fighting for us*. He is fighting for us when we are fighting for Him, and that means that we are under His protection and can suffer no harm.

Once during a time of martial law in Havana there was a street row and a man was shot. Every one ran away except one Englishman who had nothing to do with the row. As he was on the spot he was arrested. Somebody was found to swear that he was guilty, and he was sentenced to be shot the following morning. Now news of what had happened came to the ears of the British Consul, and the next day he went to the place of execution and claimed the man as a British subject. The officer in command of the firing party showed his orders and said he could not release his prisoner. Then the Consul asked permission to shake hands with the condemned man before he was shot. This the officer granted, and the Consul walked up, drew a Union Jack out of his pocket and threw it round the Englishman. 'Now,' he said, 'shoot if you dare!' The officer could not shoot through the flag without insulting the British nation, so he applied for instructions to the Governor, and the prisoner's innocence was soon proved.

There is a verse in the Song of Songs, which contains these words, 'His banner over me was love.' If God's love is all round us and over us then no enemy can really harm us. We may bear the scars of many a tough fight, but we shall win through in the end.

III.

'The onyx stone.'—Gn 2¹².

How many precious stones do you know? Count and see. I expect all of you know a diamond and a ruby, an emerald and a sapphire, an amethyst and a turquoise. That makes six. How many precious stones do you think the Bible knows? Nineteen! And if we add what we may call 'the precious stones of the sea,' the

pearl and the coral, that makes the list total twenty-one.

You will find most of these precious stones in three great lists. The first list is in the twenty-ninth chapter of the Book of Exodus, and it is repeated in the thirty-ninth chapter. That list is a description of the twelve jewels which Aaron the first Jewish high priest wore on his breastplate. There were four rows of stones, three in each row, and each stone had the name of a tribe engraved on it. When Aaron went into the Holy Place to intercede with God for the people he put on this wonderful breastplate. He carried, as it were, the names of the tribes on his heart when he entered the presence of God. And as the light of the Holy Place fell on the twelve jewels they flashed and glowed as if they were living.

The second list you will find in the twenty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel; the stones mentioned there are those worn by the king of Tyre. There are twelve of them, and you will notice that they are all different from those mentioned in the first list, though the order is different. Between the time of the first list and the second, nine hundred years had passed. Seven hundred years after the second list a third list appeared. You will find it in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. The stones spoken of there are the twelve foundation-stones of the New Jerusalem, the City of God which is to come, and which John the Apostle saw in a vision. As you read over that list you will notice that eight of the stones we have already met, and four are strangers. The four new stones have names which are hard to spell and difficult to pronounce. Try them. Chalcedony, Sardonyx, Chrysolite, and Chrysoprase.

Besides these three lists you will find the names of many jewels scattered through many pages of the Bible. You see the Jews were an Eastern people, and Eastern nations set greater store by gems than we do. You have only to look at the picture of an Indian Prince with his magnificent strings of pearls and his jewelled sword and his turban clasped with an enormous emerald—you have only to look at him to see how much jewels mean to those in the East. An Eastern counts them his most cherished possession. Instead of putting his money in the bank he buys jewels. He thinks of them as living. He believes that they bring to their wearer health, wealth, happiness, strength, long life, and fame. He fondly hopes that they

will keep away from him evil and misfortune. He even imagines they will wash away sin.

We don't go so far as our Eastern brothers, but still we too love jewels. We admire their wonderful colour and their fascinating sparkle, and we like to hear the many stories that are told of them. Let us see if they have any special message to give to us.

We are not going to take any of the lists we have mentioned, but we are going to make up a list of our own—a stone for each month. Perhaps you may have heard people talking about their birth-stone. They were going back to an idea which the old Romans had that every month of the year had its own precious stone. The Romans said that if you were born in a certain month you should wear the stone belonging to that month. It would bring you good luck. They also wore a talisman made of the stones of the month set in their proper order. Of course we are too sensible to think that merely wearing certain stones will bring us good fortune, but let us see if we cannot make a talisman of our own out of twelve of the Bible stones.

Our stone for January will not be the garnet, which is the stone the Romans chose for it, but the very first precious stone mentioned in the Bible. Look up the second chapter of Genesis. In the last three words of the twelfth verse you will find our text—'the onyx stone.'

How many of you know an onyx stone when you see it? And how many of you can tell me why it was called an onyx? Some of the bigger boys and girls who are learning Greek will be able to help here. They will tell us that the onyx stone is named after the finger-nail. There is a whitish half-moon at the base of your finger-nail, then there is a broad band of pink, and then there is, or should be, another narrow strip of white. The onyx is a banded stone, and the Greeks thought the markings on it resembled those on the human nail, so they called it the 'finger-nail' stone. The best known onyx is formed of layers of black and white, but there are onyxes of other shades besides. Many of them have a layer of red, and these are known as sardonyxes.

You must have seen an onyx many a time though you may not have recognized it. Perhaps Granny has a brooch with a beautiful head carved in white against a black background. You have

often looked at it and wondered if the jeweller glued the white carving on to the black foundation. Well, no jeweller ever glued the one to the other, the two are just one stone, and it was God who made them one ages and ages ago. That stone was once a round lump in the hollow of a volcanic rock, and somebody found it and took it to the jeweller, and he cut it, oh so carefully; and then he carved out of the white layer that tiny delicate head; and the result was Granny's brooch, which she calls her 'cameo.' That is the name given to the figure cut on the stone.

Nowadays we do not admire the onyx so tremendously. Other jewels are more fashionable. But in olden times and in Bible days the onyx was highly prized. It was found in large pieces, so large that even cups have been cut out of a single block. It was tough, yet not too hard, and so lent itself to the engraver's tools. Its coloured layers allowed him to get a striking effect.

I wonder what the onyx stone has got to say to us? If it could speak I think it would like to tell us to be sure to get ourselves well engraved. It would say: 'Boys and girls, try to be beautiful like me. You are like the lump of stone when it comes from the rock. You can be made into almost anything. It all depends on how you are cut. Are you going to let yourself be spoiled by bad cutting? Are you going to let time and chance have their way and engrave on you images faulty, or distorted, or hideous? Or do you wish to be a beautiful gem, fit for a king's wear? Then go to Christ, the best Engraver, and ask Him to take you in hand. Ask Him to do the cutting and the polishing. Ask Him to take you and make of you what He will.'

Shall I tell you the result? Christ will grave on you His own pure image, and He will make of you a gem worthy to be worn in His own crown.

Assyro=Babylonian Astrologers and their Lore.

By THEOPHILUS G. PINCHES, LL.D., LONDON.

THOUGH astrology in the Old Testament has no special name, astrologers are nevertheless referred to. As examples take Dn 1²⁰ 4⁴ (in the R.V. 4⁷), etc.; but this is merely a provisional translation, the R.V. rendering of *ashshāph* (Bab. *āšippu* = *ashiffu*) being 'magician,' a much more correct translation. In all probability, therefore, it is the word *Chaldae* (also in Dn 4⁴) which best expresses the idea of a student of the heavens, that being a speciality of the Chaldeans, either in the restricted tribal sense or with the wider meaning of the learned Babylonian class, skilled in predictions based upon the movements of the heavenly bodies. All the classes of scribes in Babylonia, however, must have had some knowledge of star-lore, whether for astronomical purposes or for foretelling coming events—or simply so as to communicate to their clients the interpretations of the astrological experts of the land.

As distinguished from astronomy, astrology owed its origin to the desire of people of old time to foretell the future. For the Babylonians, the heavenly bodies were not merely 'for signs, and

for seasons, and for days and years,' they were also, and especially, tokens—messages even—of the gods to men. This was doubtless more strikingly the case when comets appeared and shooting stars were seen, for these were rare events, such as would attract the attention of primitive folk like the Babylonians at the beginning of their national career. The more orderly courses of the planets ultimately became the groundwork for forecasts of the events of everyday life and mundane history, based upon the assumption that what had already happened when the sun, moon, and planets occupied certain relative positions, might be expected again under like astral conditions.

A considerable time probably elapsed before the Assyro-Babylonians realized the need of records of their observations as data for foretelling events. If astrology had its origin, as is probable, before the development of the art of writing, that art had naturally to attain sufficient perfection to enable the details to be duly set out. The date of this development may be estimated at four or five thousand years before Christ, but the earliest

rologers probably trusted to their memory—indeed, it is doubtful whether any systematic records of celestial happenings were made many centuries before the time of Sargon of Agadé (about 2800 B.C.), whose lunar omens and similar records are especially interesting.

It would therefore seem probable, that as chemistry is the offspring of alchemy, so astronomy the child of astrology. Those who made the records for the purposes of deriving forecasts therefrom naturally came to know a great deal about the heavenly bodies, and a scientific study of their movements must have been the result. This naturally conflicts with the generally received opinion, that real astronomical observations were not made until the Persian period in Babylonia—opinion due to the fact that the most systematic records of a really astronomical nature belong to a late age. Their non-existence at an earlier date, however, is not provable, and is negatived by the records of the early forecasts. That the later records may have been much more detailed and exact than the earlier ones may, however, be assumed.

The results of the earlier observations, as recorded on the tablets, show that the Babylonians had recognized and given names to the planets, divided the heavens into constellations, traced the course of the sun through the signs of the Zodiac, and determined certain periods in connexion with the sun, moon, and the wandering stars. This, in the Creation-story, is attributed to Merodach :

He built firmly the stations of the great gods—
stars their likeness—he set up the *Lumaši*,
He designated the year, he outlined the constellations.

He set for the 12 months three stars each.
From the day when the year begins, for signs.
He founded the station of Nibiru (Jupiter) to
make known their limits,
That none might err, nor go astray.
The stations of Enlila and Êa he placed with
himself.

When Annaru (the moon) he caused to shine, he
delivered (to him) the night.

He set him then as the adornment of the
night to make known the days.

Monthly, without failing, he endowed him with
a tiara.

At the beginning of the month then, to lighten
the land (?),

The crescent shineth constantly forth to announce
6 (?) days,

On the seventh day the tiara [perfect]ing.

The [Sa]bbath doth it then encounter, half-
monthly.'

(The remaining extant lines, which are imperfect, deal with the sun and his path in the heavens.)

The British Museum tablet 81-7-27, 22 (discovered by Hormuzd Rassam), gives the following details :—

Three months of the year, Nisan, Ab, and Chisleu, belonged to Akkad in the astrological tablets; three others, Iyyar, Elul, and Tebet, to Elam; a third three, Sivan, Tisri, and Sebat, to Amurrû, the West-land; and finally Tammuz, Marcheswan, and Adar, to Subartu and Gutiu (Assyria and Media).

The night-time was divided into three watches, the first being that of the evening, which, in the event of an eclipse, referred to Akkad, the second was the middle-watch, which referred to Amurrû, the West-land, whilst the third was the morning-watch, indicating that the omen affected Elam.

The cardinal points were the south, the north, the east, and the west; the first pointing, in the case of an eclipse, to Elam, the second to Akkad, the third to Subartu and Gutiu, and the fourth to Amurrû.

After this the tablet speaks of the countries affected by the portions of the moon eclipsed. The right of the moon meant Akkad, the left Elam, the top of the moon Amurrû, and the back (bottom) of the moon Subartu and Gutiu.

Certain numbers come next, 13 standing for Akkad, 14 for Elam, 15 for Amurrû, and 16 for Subartu and Gutiu.

The next paragraph informs us that an eclipse of the evening indicated Akkad, the midnight-eclipse Subartu and Gutiu, and the morning eclipse Elam.

Such was the system of the Babylonian (and Assyrian) astrologers for determining the bearings of eclipses on the nations with whom they came into contact, and all other astrological indications may be regarded as having rested upon the same arbitrary basis.

Many tablets exist duplicating and confirming

these indications, one of the most important being the rather extensive series known to the earlier assyriologists¹ as 'the illumination of Bel,' but which ought really to be called, from its opening words, 'When Anu-Enlilla.' This was a very complete series of illustrations of the way in which the recognized rules and explanations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the eclipses of the sun and the moon, with their oppositions and conjunctions, in every conceivable combination, were to be applied and interpreted; and the numerous reports of the astrologers of Assyria (and probably of Babylonia as well) show how constantly they were studied, committed to memory, and consulted. The following is a rough rendering of some of the instructions addressed to Babylonian astrologers:—

'Thou shalt acquire (a knowledge of) the 12 months of the year—the 360 days which is the amount from the New Year festival (to its end); the requirement for the estimating of daylight, for the observation of the stars, (and) for their mass (full number); the agreement of the beginning of the year with the star Dilgan (otherwise 'Babylon's water-channel'); the appearance of the moon and the sun for the month Adar and the month Elul. Thou shalt announce, thou shalt then send, the shining and the appearance (variant: shinings and appearances) of the moon monthly; the balancing of the stars and the moon thou shalt co-ordinate, and let it bring thee (reveal to thee) then the months of the year (and) the days of the month—send then whatever thou doest. . . . To determine the disappearance and the reappearance of the moon, lord of the month, and the year (Defective),¹ the 12 months thou shalt hold in thine hand; to determine the days . . . the balancing of the stars and the moon thou shalt hold in thine hand.' . . .

These directions are preceded by the titles of works (14 and 11, total 25) with which the student aspiring for the position of Astrologer in ancient Babylonia had to make himself acquainted.

This tablet afterwards gives the names of the months of the Babylonian year, with indications as to which of them are lucky or unlucky for the

¹ A note by the scribe indicating that his original was damaged.

soldiers' entry into camp, starting on a military expedition, or for the defence of a city or country. Then come the watches of the night, the first or evening-watch being unlucky, the middle watch lucky, and the third or morning watch unlucky, for speeding an army upon an expedition; and the first lucky, the second unlucky, and the third lucky for the capture of the city, the capture of a city and its army; and 'to plan an expedition the corresponding (times of) the day' were lucky.

Such were the first elements of his science which a prospective Babylonian astrologer had to master.

But in addition to the above, the astrologers of Babylonia and Assyria had to know the name-changes of the various heavenly bodies—a complication of their forecasts, for the great gods were identified with a different stellar deity in every month of the year. This, at least, is what we find indicated for Jupiter and Venus, and it is probable—indeed, almost certain—that the sun-god, the moon-god, Mars, Saturn, and Mercury changed their names in the same way.

As to the astronomical knowledge, which was needed, he had to distinguish the seven *tikpi*, the seven *lumaši*, the seven *māšu* or 'twin stars' (the Great Twins, the Little Twins, the Twins which stand before Sibzina, the stars Nin-šar and Ura-gal, otherwise Nergal and Ahbitu^m, the stars Nabû and Lugal (Regulus), Šar-ur and Šar-gas, and, finally, Zibanna, otherwise Zibanitu^m, the Scales.

After this come the seven *Lu-bat-meš*, otherwise *Udušamune*, or planets, which may be repeated here on account of the order in which they occur, which is as follows:—

'Sin and Šamaš (the moon and the sun), Dun-sig-êa (Jupiter), Delebat (Venus), Udušumun-mul-Sag-uš (Saturn), Udušumun-gutu (Mercury), Muštābarrû-mûtānu (Mars), Seven planets.'

As the moon was regarded as existing before the sun, the name of Sin, the moon-god, comes first.

The tablet which identifies Merodach (Jupiter) and Ištar (Venus) with a different star or constellation for every month of the year, is the text, well known to assyriologists, which attributes to Venus not only a female, but also a male character

Western Asia Inscriptions, vol. iii. pl. 58, 30 and 31b). The lines in question read as follows:—

A star in the female stands (the goddess) Delebat at sunset;
A star in the male stands (the goddess) Delebat at sunrise.'

Though we have to read the phrases as Semitic, the wording is Sumerian (*sala-ta*, 'in the female'; *šitaḥa-ta*, 'in the male'); but the scribe has been so good as to translate these expressions for the reader—the first by *sinniṣat* and the second by *šikarat*. That this double sexuality should have been always the case at sunset and sunrise seems strange, but it may refer to the influence which the planet Venus was regarded as having over births. Apart from the fact, however, that the power of controlling births was attributed to the moon, the planet Venus was regarded at some point of her course as developing a beard (*ziḡnu zaqnat*)—a circumstance which suggests her identity with Tammuz, who, with the Babylonians, would seem not to have been like the beardless effeminate Adonis of the Greeks, but full-bearded, like the men of Babylonia.

The moon's influence with regard to births is shown by the following, taken from an astrological report:—

'If a halo surround the moon, and Regulus stand in the midst thereof, pregnant women will that year bear male children (*érāli zakkāre ḫlada*).'

The following refers to Iṣtar or Venus being bearded:—

'If Delebat in the month Nisan develop a beard (*ziḡnu zaqnat*), the people of the land will bear males. In the middle of that year tariff will be low. The growing beard (means) the beard to be bright (*ziḡnu nabāṣu*), she grows brilliant (*bālat*), she beams (*nibāt*). Stars at sunset before her or by her side then stand.'

Here we seem to have a very clear explanation of what 'bearding a beard' means—it is when the brightness of Venus seems to be enhanced and she is accompanied by other stars. The succeeding lines have the omens for the remaining months of the year in the same conditions, except that the stars accompanying Venus are in certain cases the other planets.

The study of astrology (or astronomy) gave the Assyro-Babylonians quite a number of words for 'to shine,' and kindred ideas. Naturally Delebat or Venus was admired on account of her brightness, and many of the words expressing the idea explain the group which forms her name. These are furnished by the Constantinople tablet S. 82, which is one of those excavated by Professor Scheil. The words are *namāru*, 'to shine,' *niṣtu*, 'brilliance,' *šaruru*, 'glory,' *nadû*, 'to throw down' (beams), *maḡātu*, 'to fall' (of beams), and *niṣta ḫibilu* (?), 'it brought brilliance,' this last being apparently an explanation of the two immediately preceding.

That the planets and other heavenly bodies bear names in Sumerian and Akkadian corresponding with those in use at the present time shows that modern astronomy owes much to the ancient Babylonians as pioneers in that science. In addition to these, however, we are almost entirely indebted to them for the names of the signs of the Zodiac and certain other constellations of the northern hemisphere. In this connexion may be mentioned here a little tablet inscribed with 12 lines of writing—8 on the obverse and 4 on the reverse—each of which has the simple ideograph standing for the successive months of the Babylonian year, followed by the character *te* and the name of a group of stars. This use of *te* as a determinative prefix is due to the fact that when it has the value *gal*, 'evil spirit,' it is a homophone of *gal*, 'star' or 'constellation,' which is generally represented by the cuneiform hieroglyph composed of three stars, best known under its dialectic form, *mul*, also pronounced *wul*, and still further weakened to *ul*.

The following is the text of this interesting list:—

1. Nisan	The hired man . . .	The Ram.
2. Iyyar	The Luminary and the Bull of Heaven	The Bull.
3. Sivan	The eternal heavenly Herdsman and the Great Twins	The Twins.
4. Tammuz	<i>Allul</i>	The Crab.
5. Ab	The great Dog (<i>i.e.</i> the Lion)	The Lion.
6. Elul	The Ear of Corn . .	The Virgin (Spica).
7. Tisri	The Scales	The Scales.
8. Marcheswan . .	The Scorpion . . .	The Scorpion.
9. Chisleu	<i>Pa-pil-sag</i>	The Archer.
10. Tebet	The Goat-fish . . .	The Goat.
11. Sebat	The Watering-Machine	The Amphora.
12. Adar	The Watering-Channel and the Tails	The Fishes.

In the inscriptions of late date, all these are abbreviated, and reduced to a single character. The first Zodiac constellation, therefore, has not to be identified, as has been hitherto done, with 'the *kusarikku*-fish,' but is the *āg(i)ru*, 'hired man,' or *zikaru*, 'man,' of the bilingual lists. As the month Nisan is for *nig-sang*, 'that which is first,' the question naturally arises whether the first sign of the Zodiac stands also for the same idea. If that be the case, 'the man' or (agricultural)-'workman' was in all probability the first man created, namely, Adam, as a type of the earliest occupation of the human race. It was not until later that the wonderful amphibious creatures came forth from the Persian Gulf to teach the Babylonians letters and the arts belonging to the domain of higher civilization.

It will be noticed that some of the Zodiac constellations have two component parts (see the second and third on the list), and in these cases it is the latter of the two whose name has survived in modern astronomical lore. In the case of the twelfth, there is no suggestion of 'fishes' unless it be in the former half, *iku*, 'the water-channel.' It is not impossible, however, that the character for 'tail,' *gun*, may have expressed some special kind of fish. A kind called *gun-zi*, provided with the prefix for 'fish,' occurs in Thureau-Dangin's *Recueil de Tablettes Chaldéennes*, Nos. 213 and 214.

With regard to the other signs, *Allul* should mean 'crab,' as in the Zodiacal names still in use. *Sittu*, which is the only Semitic pronunciation for *Allul* known, is regarded as meaning 'misery,' 'distress,' 'sin,' etc. The crab may have been looked upon as a causer of misery—a tormentor—but it is hardly likely that this was his name.

Another problematic but interesting name is that of Pa-pil-sag, corresponding with the Archer. With the determinative prefix for 'god,' this celestial personage was worshipped, with other stellar

deities, in the temple of Gula, goddess of healing, at Aššur. His name also occurs, in the same line with Nebo, in a list of 16 deities likewise worshipped at Aššur, and described as the companions of Aššur, the patron god of that city. The first character of the name, *pa*, is one of the ideographs for Nebo, and raises the question whether Pa-pil-sag may not have been identified with that deity. Or is his name a fuller form of Pa-saga, otherwise I-šum, 'the glorious sacrificer,' the gods' great guardian angel, who watched over the sick? In any case, Pa-pil-sag was the spouse of Gula, the goddess of healing. He was identified with En-urta, who, like Hadad-Rimson, was a storm deity, and we may have here an explanation of his name: 'the man or god (*pa*) fiery (*pil*) of head (*sag*)'—'he of the thunderbolt.' Among the gods of the city of Aššur associated with the god of the same name, we see *Adad*, *Birqu*, 'Hadad Lightning' on the same line, and again, lower down, *Gibil birqu*, 'Firegod-lightning.' Identified with En-urta, he became also equivalent to the god Mermer, indicated as the four divine winds rushing towards each other—an additional proof that Pa-pil-sag was the god of the storm, and, as such, the 'archer' of the sky, god of the thunderbolt.

Earlier texts give other details, showing noteworthy and interesting changes, but these need special treatment. The number of the tablets, however, whether early or late, shows that the astrologers of Babylonia and Assyria were well provided with material for their special study. The reverence with which the Assyrians regarded the heavenly bodies is shown, among other texts, by the tablet giving the gods of the temples of the city of Aššur, referred to above. The last section of this important inscription speaks of the stars as well as of the gods before whom the king made sacrifices. Also, 'Ištar of the stars' was one of the deities of the temple of Gula in that city.

Literature.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

'Do we all become garrulous and confidential as we approach the gates of old age? Is it that we instinctively feel, and cannot help asserting our one advantage over the younger generation, which

has so many over us?—the one advantage of time!'

Thus Mrs. Humphry Ward begins her autobiography, *A Writer's Recollections* (Collins; 12s. 6d. net). It is a risky beginning, so many persons 'with the one advantage of time' do become

arulous and foolishly confidential. But she is not one of them. There is surprisingly little of the ego; there are many amiable and ever memorable estimates of other men and women. Do we grow more appreciative as we grow older? There is just one, of all the women Mrs. Humphry Ward introduces, for whom a little fidelity remains; it is Charlotte Brontë. And there is just one man for whom no admiration has yet been evoked; it is Mr. H. G. Wells.

The first surprise of appreciation is Mark Pattison. Mrs. Humphry Ward will not for a moment allow that he is the original of Casaubon in *Middlemarch*. 'The Rector himself (that is Pattison) was an endless study to me—he and his frequent companion Ingram Bywater, afterwards the distinguished Greek Professor. To listen to these two friends as they talked of foreign scholars in Paris, or Germany, of Renan, or Ranke, or Curtius; as they poured scorn on Oxford scholarship, or the lack of it, and on the ideals of Balliol, which aimed at turning out public officials, as compared with the researching ideals of the German universities, which seemed to the Rector the only ideas worth calling academic; or as they were gibing at Christ Church whence Pusey and Addon still directed the powerful Church party of the University:—was to watch the doors of new worlds gradually opening before a girl's questioning intelligence. The Rector would walk up and down, occasionally taking a book from his crowded shelves, while Mr. Bywater and Mrs. Pattison smoked, with the after-luncheon coffee—and in those days a woman with a cigarette was a rarity in England—and sometimes at a caustic *mot* of the former's there would break out the Rector's chuckling laugh, which was ugly no doubt, but when he was amused and at ease, extraordinarily full of life.'

Then follows Walter Pater—Walter Pater and his astonishing sisters. 'Clara Pater, whose grave and noble beauty in youth has been preserved in a drawing by Mr. Wirgman, was indeed a "rare and dedicated spirit." When I first knew her, she was four or five and twenty, intelligent, alive, sympathetic, with a delightful humour, and a strong judgment, but without much positive acquirement. When after some years, she began to learn Latin and Greek with a view to teaching; and after we met at Oxford she became Vice-President of the new Somerville College for Women. Several genera-

tions of girl-students must still "preserve the tenderest and most grateful memories of all that she was there, as woman, teacher, and friend. Her point of view, her opinion had always the crispness, the savour that goes with perfect sincerity. She feared no one, and she loved many, as they loved her. She loved animals too, as all the household did. How well I remember the devoted nursing given by the brother and sisters to a poor little paralytic cat, whose life they tried to save—in vain! When, later, I came across in *Marius* the account of Marcus Aurelius carrying away the dead child Annus Verus—"pressed closely to his bosom, as if yearning just then for one thing only, to be united, to be absolutely one with it, in its obscure distress"—I remembered the absorption of the writer of those lines, and of his sisters, in the suffering of that poor little creature, long years before. I feel tolerably certain that in writing the words Walter Pater had that past experience in mind.'

But who can mention in a review half the appreciation of this book?—Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Lord Acton, Jowett, Stanley, Lord Dufferin, Goldwin Smith, Henry James, Duchesne, Laura Lyttelton, George Eliot, Lady Wemyss. And every one is individual, outstanding, a portrait recognizable at once and to be kept in possession. Of her own great success as a writer all that is said, and it is not too much, is said in excellent taste. The whole impression is of a strenuous happy life. And there is just a touch of regret that it had sometimes been aggressively agnostic. The return of Walter Pater to faith is recorded with a wistful sympathy that is significant. We do not see quite clearly what the influences were that told on her early religious attitude, but she was the niece of Matthew Arnold.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

Professor Percy Gardner has written a volume on *Evolution in Christian Ethics* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net) as a companion to his volume on *Evolution in Christian Doctrine*. His purpose is to show 'that a modernisation and expansion of Christian ethics is as necessary as a modernisation of Christian doctrine; and that the two expansions must take place on the same lines.' It does not seem to be possible to write a history of the evolution of Christian ethics in the same sense as

one can write a history of the evolution of Christian theology. The reason is that Christ was not an ethical teacher. He was a teacher of religion pure and simple. Religion must issue in ethics, that is to say, in conduct. But He left the conduct to shape itself according to circumstances. We wish Professor Gardner had recognized that at the beginning of his book. He does touch it once, but it is when the book is nearly ended. 'Our Founder,' he says, 'did not in this case, as in most other cases he did not, give us a definite rule, but he gave the principle on which rules may be founded.' Did He give definite rules in any case of conduct? He did not.

That fact, taken firmly into account, does two things. It throws the mind on personal religion as that alone with which our Lord concerned Himself; and it leaves us free to apply His religious principles to every problem as it arises, without having first to prove that He was a social reformer, an anti-slavery advocate, a pacifist, and all the rest of it.

This is the only sense in which there is an evolution in Christian Ethics. The principles of religion as stated and exemplified by Christ are of permanent and unvarying validity, but their application varies with the time and circumstances in which His followers live. At the present moment Professor Gardner indicates three directions in which we have to alter the application. We must recognize, first, law and order in the ethical and spiritual just as in the physical world, next, the social and corporate nature of virtue, and then, the 'predominance of active over mere passive or abstentional goodness.'

ETHEL GEORGINA ROMANES.

We have seen so many biographies of young people within those four years that this biography of one who died in early womanhood is no surprise. But it was not the war that developed the character of Miss Romanes or gave her the opportunity of expressing herself. The character is certainly strong, unmistakably strong, courageous and original; but it was first the Home and then the Religious Community that gave it impetus and occasion.

It was a religious home; those who have read the *Life of George John Romanes* will know. It was a home with a 'High' atmosphere. Rex, the pug, 'was brought up in good ways: "died"

for Lord Halifax and barked for Kensit at the word of command.' There was intellectual interest enough. And Ethel soon discovered the power of turning round and laughing at herself, and even at her circle. 'The Retreat was very nice, but not the addresses; at least I did not care much for them. — is an ultra-Catholic and very controversial—e.g. he talked of "Christians and Protestants." I don't like that much in Retreat; it may have its place elsewhere.'

She soon discovered also an interest in theology, an interest beyond all other interests. And she discovered that she could write. There is a long letter, all about three great Christian doctrines—Prophecy, the Incarnation, and the Resurrection—which even the professional teacher may read with pleasure. Of the Incarnation she says: 'He did not come to teach us science or medicine. He came that He might be one with us: that He might have our experience. There is no limit to the humility and love of God. I forget whether it is Bishop Gore in his *Bampton*s who likens this self-limitation of God the Son to our experience of human sympathy. A very intellectual and learned man when trying to understand his little child for the purposes either of teaching him or playing with him or comforting him, becomes in proportion to his powers of sympathy like his child—he speaks in its own language, he may even be said to think with a child's thoughts—for the time being. So will a very holy and spiritual person always be the most successful in winning sinners to Christ: though he is so different his power of sympathy is so great that for the time he can stoop and bring himself on a level with the sinner, can see with the sinner's eyes.'

Miss Romanes entered an Anglican Community and was henceforth known as Sister Etheldred. The order to go to India was accepted obediently (by her mother most reluctantly); she came home to die. The biography is written by Mrs. Romanes. The title is *The Story of an English Sister* (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net).

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Professor J. S. Mackenzie's great gift is simplicity, and there are few greater gifts, whether for a preacher or for a philosopher. His new book he calls *Outlines of Social Philosophy* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net). It is an introduction to that ill-

defined science, and all that an introduction ought to be.

Ill-defined science. But Dr. Mackenzie defines it. 'It is to be distinguished from what is commonly understood by sociology; or, if the latter is interpreted in a wide sense, social philosophy is to be taken as a definite part of it.' It is also to be distinguished from ethics. 'Social philosophy might, indeed, be said to be a part of ethics or ethics might be said to be a part of it. On the whole, however, it is convenient to distinguish the two subjects. The one is concerned primarily with the conduct of individuals; though of course we have always to bear in mind that they are individuals living within a community. The other is primarily concerned with communities; though again we must always remember that these communities are composed of individuals, and that the ultimate ends pursued by the individuals and by the communities are essentially the same. But there is enough material relating to the two sides to form separate studies. The relations between them are somewhat similar to those between individual and social psychology.'

So it is the life of men, not of man (which would now be called anthropology). What is the good of it? 'It must be confessed that social philosophy, like philosophy in general, has no directly practical results. It "bakes no bread"; it cannot tell us, in any detailed way, what course it is best to pursue. But to admit this is not to say that it has no practical value. It does help us to see what are the guiding principles by which our course has to be directed. It is well to emphasize this, because some philosophical writers appear to be disposed to deny it. The fact that ordinary scientific study is concerned simply with the effort to ascertain what is, has led some to assume that the study of human life is similar. Such a view may be said to be the converse of that which held that human life is not capable of being an object of scientific study at all, because it is variable. It *is* variable; but it is variable mainly on account of the presence of an ideal to which it constantly looks and tends.'

We are not surprised therefore to find that the most interesting chapter of the book is occupied with the discussion of Social Ideals. What are they? It will be enough to give their names. They are the Aristocratic Ideal, the Democratic Ideal, Fraternity, Equality, Liberty, Personal

Development, and Efficiency. This closing paragraph has present application: 'A genuine ideal must contain elements of both aristocracy and democracy; and in what proportion they are to be combined must depend largely on circumstances of time and place. In general, it is probably true to say that, the less fully a people is educated and united, the more necessary is it that it should be guided from above by the best and fittest who can by any means be discovered and brought forward. When the people becomes more of a real unity, when it has well-established traditions and widely diffused knowledge, it becomes more possible to give the democratic elements in its constitution a continually increasing prominence.'

A MODERN MYSTIC.

That undoubted though difficult poet who goes by the name of 'AE' has written a volume of mysticism. He has written it in prose. And his prose is not less finished than his poetry. The title is *The Candle of Vision* (Macmillan; 6s. net).

Mr. George Russell (for that is his name) is a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. He gives us to understand that his life is a continuation of visions and a succession of dreams. And the visions and the dreams are very remarkable. Let us quote one of the earliest that he records, in order that we may see where we are.

'Once, suddenly, I found myself on some remote plain or steppe, and heard unearthly chimes pealing passionately from I know not what far steeples. The earth-breath streamed from the furrows to the glowing heavens. Overhead the birds flew round and round crying their incomprehensible cries, as if they were maddened, and knew not where to nestle, and had dreams of some more enraptured rest in a diviner home. I could see a ploughman lifting himself from his obscure toil and stand with lit eyes as if he too had been fire-smitten and was caught into heaven as I was, and knew for that moment he was a god. And then I would lapse out of vision and ecstasy, and hear the voices, and see again through the quivering of the hot air the feverish faces, and seem to myself to be cast out of the spirit.'

Now Mr. Russell is an artist and a poet. Is this more than the working of a powerful imagination? He will not have it. 'In all I have related hitherto imagination was not present but only

vision. These are too often referred to as identical, and in what I have written I have tried to make clear the distinction. If beyond my window I see amid the manifolded hills a river winding ablaze with light, nobody speaks of what is seen as a thing imagined, and if I look out of a window of the soul and see more marvels of shining and shadow, neither is this an act of imagination, which is indeed a higher thing than vision, and a much rarer thing, for in the act of imagination that which is hidden in being, as the Son in the bosom of the Father, is made manifest and a transfiguration takes place like that we imagine in the Spirit when it willed, "Let there be light."

He does not claim any credit for his seeing. And that, not because it is the gift of God: it is not a gift, he says, but an act of the will—the result rather of a series of acts of self-control. And any one may see visions as he does. 'The only justification for speech from me, rather than from others whose knowledge is more profound, is that the matching of words to thoughts is an art I have practised more. What I say may convey more of truth, as the skilled artist, painting a scene which he views for the first time, may yet suggest more beauty and enchantment than the habitual dweller, unskilled in art, who may yet know the valley he loves so intimately that he could walk blindfold from end to end.'

THE RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Dr. Albert C. Knudson is a Professor in Boston University School of Theology. Some time ago he published a volume on Prophecy which was well received. He has surpassed that achievement with a large and promising volume on the whole of *The Religious Teaching of the Old Testament* (Abingdon Press; \$2.50 net).

He begins with the difficult subject of the Development of Old Testament Religion. It involves a decision on the dates of the books. In that he has followed Kautzsch's article in the Extra Volume of the *Dictionary of the Bible*. His sketch is clear and convincing. That chapter is introductory. Thereafter the book is divided into two parts. One part deals with God and Angels, the other with Man and Redemption.

We are glad to see a chapter on the Power of God, a subject of far greater importance and even-

prominence in the Old Testament than is usually recognized. It is true—as true as generalization can ever be—to say that the Power of God is the revelation of the Old Testament, while the Love of God is the revelation of the New. Then the Seer of the Apocalypse saw the two conceptions combined when, in the New Song, he heard the mingled strains of the Song of Moses and the Song of the Lamb.

Coming to the Atonement, Professor Knudson distinguishes the prophetic from the ritualistic teaching. He says: 'The root-meaning of the Hebrew word for "atone" (*kipper*) was either "to cover" or "wipe out." The word, however, is not used in the Old Testament in its original literal and physical meaning. It always has a metaphorical sense. As applied to sin, it means that sin has been "covered" or "wiped out" in such a way that it no longer arouses the divine wrath. When Yahweh is spoken or thought of as "covering" or "wiping out" sin, *kipper* is virtually synonymous in meaning with "forgive." It is in this sense that the word is commonly used in the prophetic and extra-ritual literature. In the ritual literature it is usually the priest who is represented as doing the "covering" or "wiping out," and in this case *kipper* has about the force of "appease," "propitiate," or "atone." The priest appeases the divine wrath by the offering of a sacrifice.'

KEELING.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have published a book which contains *Keeling Letters and Recollections* (12s. 6d. net). Keeling—his name was Frederic Hillersdon Keeling, but he was known as Ben Keeling; for Mr. H. G. Wells, who introduces the book, tells us that 'his proper baptismal name, "Frederic," suited him about as well as a silk hat and white linen spatterdashes would have done, and there was not a trace of "Freddiness" in him from top to toe; while as for the "Hillersdon," it floats up in the formal opening of this memoir and passes immediately out of the attention of the reader, incredibly unsuitable; it is like a nervous West End wedding guest drifting into and as rapidly as possible out of a strike meeting in a back street of Leeds.' 'Ben,' he was called at Cambridge, but in the army 'Siberian Joe'; and 'Siberian Joe,' says Mr. Wells, 'gives you his voice, his effect of clumsy strength and energy, his little

ony head that could hold so much and worked so restlessly, his round, red, warmly flushed, rather astonished face, and his very soft and engaging brown eyes.'

Keeling, then, was a Cambridge student who took a first in the History tripos and had hopes of a Trinity fellowship. But at Cambridge as everywhere else he did entirely, and said solely, that which was right in his own eyes. He chose to be a Fabian and chose to give it up. He worked at the Labour Exchange Bureau in Leeds. He did not really have an interest in the welfare of the working man, the one interest which went with him through all his stormy short-life. He chose a wife also, and without the slightest reason, except his own whimsical and never-denied will, left her after three months. He visited her thereafter and wrote incredible letters to her mother (who was his great friend and is his biographer) telling her how pleased he was with the way his wife was bringing up her children.

But at last the war came and made something of him. It was not that it gave him his opportunity, for he could always make his own opportunities. But it kept him within bounds and yet offered scope for his energies, which were almost phenomenal, both physically and mentally. He died, as he had lived, fighting.

In sermons as in other things, it is the unexpected that arrests us. We go to sleep if the preacher gives out 'God so loved the world,' but if he takes as his text 'The manifold wisdom of God' (Eph 3¹⁰) and announces his subject as 'Colour in Religion' we sit up. We want to know 'what we will make of it.' And we are disappointed. But not always. Dr. W. E. Orchard makes a most instructive and searching sermon on that text and topic. You will find it in his volume on *The True Patriotism* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net).

First he notes that the Greek word translated 'manifold' means 'many-coloured.' Hence his title. Then he tells us that it takes Colour to express life. This is shown in Nature—first in light and next in joy. The notion of 'Colour' is also essential to Religion. For you cannot picture the mind of God without using colour; its very presence in this world is a revelation that the mind of God is stored with infinite variety and joy. It

is the work of the Church to make known this many-coloured wisdom of God. Its Worship and its Life must be in beauty and variety. 'For God is neither smoke nor fog, but glorious colour; and when, at last, His light shines unclouded upon you, it will break into a thousand happy colours, and you will begin that beatific life which is endless joy and inexhaustible pleasure because it is fed from the many-coloured wisdom of the infinite Mind.'

George Meredith has found another expositor. His name is J. H. E. Crees, M.A., D.Lit. He is an admirer—out and out and enthusiastic. He will not admit even obscurity of style. 'The style has been called obscure. Obscure it is no doubt to those who have been nourished on the potato bread of inferior journalism, but it is for those who have no disrelish of the brain, and take pains to sharpen their intelligence.'

But he confesses that Meredith adopted 'elaborate or even laboured methods of expression.' Then he says: 'Meredithian obscurity proceeds from high-strained intellectual activity, not from laziness or incompetence. It is the clever man conversing with his auditors and assuming that they have the same intuition of theological nexus that he has; it is a desire to progress quickly which leads him to skip some of the necessary steps in the demonstration.'

All this signifies that we have to know Meredith as Dr. Crees knows him. Then we also may be ready to say, 'It is the greatest style which has ever been devoted to the writing of the novel.'

The title of the book is *George Meredith: A Study of his Works and Personality* (Blackwell; 6s. net).

The fourth volume of Harvard Theological Studies gives us a description and collation of *The Gospel Manuscripts of the General Theological Seminary*, by Professor C. C. Edmunds, D.D., and Professor W. H. P. Hatch, Ph.D., D.D. (Milford; 5s. 6d. net). The volume contains nine double-page collotype facsimiles.

Professor Theodore Brown Hewitt of Williams College presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of Yale University in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy a thesis on *Paul*

Gerhardt as a Hymn Writer and his Influence on English Hymnody, and he received the degree, as surely he deserved to do. The thesis is now published (Milford; 6s. 6d. net).

That sort of literary labour which used to be characteristic of German workers only is now becoming common in the United States. This is an example. The subject is limited, the work done on it is exhaustive. Paul Gerhardt has had many English translators. For one of the hymns Dr. Hewitt has found eighteen translations, the first being by John Wesley, and the last by John Cairns. It is the hymn which in our hymnaries is usually represented by Wesley's rendering, 'Commit thou all thy griefs.' Of Wesley's version our author says: 'A very free but spirited rendering, omitting stanzas V, IX-XI, by J. Wesley in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739 (P. Works, 1869-72, vol. i. p. 125), in 8 stanzas of 8 lines. Wesley has here caught, far more successfully, than any other, the real ring and spirit of Gerhardt. His translation has been included in many hymn books and collections, and has come into very extended use, but generally abridged.'

The little book by the Rev. James Burns, M.A., on *The Graves of the Fallen* (James Clarke; rs. 6d. net) will be read with interest. It is the story of a visit which Mr. Burns made to one of the newly made cemeteries in France—small dark wooden crosses, with the names of British lads on them.

The volumes of 'The Humanism of the Bible' series are coming out steadily. Professor James Stalker, D.D., has made his contribution on *The Beauty of the Bible* (James Clarke; 6s. net). It is a study of the Poets of the Bible and their Poetry. It is a popular study, deliberately popular. For the technicalities of parallelism and the like the curious are referred to other books. Dr. Stalker's desire is to bring his readers into fellowship with those godly and gracious men who wrote the Psalms, Lamentations, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ruth, Job, and the Song of Songs, and into appreciation of their poetry and their music. And all this he accomplishes with that delicate touch he has, at once literary and religious, which never fails of its attractiveness. There is a chapter on Music. And at the end there are expositions of

three great Old Testament passages—Ps 2, Ec 12¹⁻⁷, and Job 33^{29, 30}.

Principal E. Griffith-Jones is not compelled to occupy the same pulpit Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, yet the most notable circumstance about his sermons is the steady level of excellence which they maintain. In the volume entitled *The Unspeakable Gift* (James Clarke; 6s. net) there is not a weak sermon; we can even say that there is not a weak sentence, for we have read the book right through—and that is itself a testimony.

We have marked as most likely to be remembered the short sermon, right in the middle of the volume, on the 'Two Incarnations.' The text is Gal 4⁴⁻⁶, 'There was first the "sending forth" of God's Son in Jesus of Nazareth, "made of a woman, made under the law," limited, that is, by the narrow bounds of our humanity, and by the narrower bounds of time and place and particular circumstance. There was, secondly, the sending forth of the "Spirit of God's Son" into the hearts of His people—a reincarnation on a wider and ampler scale of His power and life, still within the boundaries of humanity, but not limited to one particular manifestation in time and place; on the other hand, a vital spiritual force capable of manifesting itself everywhere and through all time.'

Are we going to receive a new translation of the whole Bible from the United Free Church College in Glasgow? Professor Moffatt has given us the New Testament. Professor J. E. McFadyen has made a good beginning with the Old. Here is *Isaiah in Modern Speech* (James Clarke; 6s. net). How are we to test it? Take a verse or two of the 40th chapter:

'Comfort ye, comfort My people,'

Declareth your God:

'Speak home to the heart of Jerusalem,

Cry unto her

That her time of sore service is over,

Her guilt is discharged;

For her sins she hath doubly atoned

At the hand of Jehovah.'

Hark! Saith a voice, 'In the wilderness

Clear ye a way for Jehovah;

Make ye straight in the desert

A highway for our God.

Let every valley be raised,
 Every mountain and hill brought low;
 Let the steep rugged ground become level,
 The rough rocky ridges a plain.
 Then Jehovah shall show forth His glory,
 And all flesh shall see it together:
 The mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it.'

Very hesitating have been the attempts made hitherto in pulpit or in press to declare the attitude of Christ and His apostles to the problem of Patriotism. There was a lack of literature, especially of easily reached and easily read literature. That lack is now supplied, and so well supplied that we may look for many sermons on Patriotism in the near future. The book is quite a small one, but everything is in it. Its title is *National Sentiment and Patriotism in the New Testament* (Cambridge: Deighton Bell & Co.; 2s. net). The author is Georgina G. Buckler.

At the Faith Press there is published a book in *The Bible and the Dead* (2s. 6d.) in striking and appropriate binding. The author is the Rev. Ralph Clayton, M.A. In determining what the state of the departed is Mr. Clayton takes account of the Bible and that only. And he is careful to use the Bible scientifically, not taking 'proof-text' here and a 'proof-text' there, but ascertaining the gist of Scripture teaching, and *what is implied* as well as what is stated.

What are the results? The results are that there is a particular judgment (the judgment of each individual) immediately after death, and a general judgment (of nations or races) at the Last Day. As regards the particular judgment: immediate entrance into Heaven demands three things—purity, holiness, and perfection. Those who do not satisfy these three demands at death but have repented of their sins remain between Heaven and Hell. Those who have not even repented go to Hell. And Hell is everlasting.

Leave Heaven and Hell for a moment. Think of those who remain in an intermediate state. They have repented, but they are not pure, holy, and perfect. What of the Penitent Thief? Mr. Clayton answers: the Penitent Thief entered Heaven at once (for Paradise, he says, is Heaven) because of his perfect repentance. Then why

not any one at death? It was the vision of the Crucified One that brought him to repentance; will the vision of the Ascended One be less puissant?

The Rev. M. Cunningham Wilson, B.D., Minister of Hillside, near Montrose, had to address Sunday by Sunday the Training Reserve Battalion stationed there under the command of Lieut.-Col. Guthrie. He has now published the addresses, and has added to them a number of excellent photographs. The title is *Soldiers' Fare* (Paisley: Gardner; 4s. 6d. net). The addresses are short, soldierly and simple. There is little theology and much ethics, and the language is very modern.

The Rev. George Henderson, B.D., has written *The Experiences of a Hut Leader at the Front* (Paisley: Gardner; 3s. 6d. net). In ordinary times the experiences would be considered exciting; in these times they are all in the order of the day. And Mr. Henderson makes no frantic struggle to be thrilling. He is composed and comfortable throughout, even when the 'Swish and Whizz of shells passing over us' made his guide glad to get him safe back. He speaks frankly. 'The concert party were a bit of a trial, at times almost a bit of a nuisance. They loosened the board of our platform by constant dancing and jumping on it: their clever pianist, with constant and vigorous playing, silenced two notes of our small portable piano; they used to knock our chairs about a good deal, and raise a good deal of dust.' He is most interested in the religious life of the men. He had a Bible Class, and at the closing meeting invited questions. 'Some were propounded that were not easy to answer, e.g., "What is meant by our Lord's preaching to the spirits in prison?" "Did the Saints rise from the grave at the time of the earthquake before our Lord's resurrection or after it?" "Why was our Lord spoken of as a Nazarene if born at Bethlehem?" "What is Faith?"'

'On the last question, "What is Faith?" the conversation became personal, and thrilling in interest. In that small room with its canvas walls, dividing it from the writing room, and its open window, we felt almost as if Another were present, like the disciples of old, when they said, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked

by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

Messrs. Hutchinson have issued another edition of *God and Tommy Atkins*, by Dr. Alexander Irvine. It is lively enough to carry on longer yet. Perhaps you get as near the actual Tommy here as in any book written by a padre.

Mr. F. W. Boreham calls his new book *The Silver Shadow* (Kelly; 5s. net). It brings his books up to the perfect number, a wonderful achievement for a man in this line of things. For in reality they are sermons, the papers in each volume, and yet they are also literary essays; and whether sermons or essays, it is a form of literature that demands quite exceptional felicity of expression to carry a writer beyond a volume or two. The variety of topic is very great, and to that no doubt, which is itself a gift, is due in some measure the success of the series. Here we have the game of dominoes—the English lawn—the parson who delivered popular lectures in the towns all around and neglected his own people—that woman Jezebel of the city of Thyatira—'on gwine back to Dixie'—the eternal springing hope—the comradeship of the stars. And these are all in the first of three parts into which the book is divided. It is characteristic of the man and his work that the least sensational is the most impressive of his sketches. It is called 'Lonesome Gate.'

To the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications have been added: (1) *Spiritualism and the Christian Faith*, by the Rev. E. W. Barnes, Sc.D., F.R.S., Master of the Temple (Longmans; 2s. net); and (2) *Johannine Writings*, by the Rev. A. Nairne, D.D., Canon of Chester (2s. 6d. net). The latter contains three lectures, one on the Gospel, one on the Epistles, and one on the Apocalypse.

The Rev. E. Shillito has been accustomed to contribute to *The Westminster Gazette* of Saturday a little meditation to be read on the Sunday morning. In this way he has gone the round of the Christian Year. The papers are now issued in a small volume with this title: *The Christian Year in War Time* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). They certainly deserve preservation. Simple as they seem, there is sound and original thinking in

them, and the expression fits the thought unobtrusively.

The Bishop of Durham says that in the reading of Canon A. B. G. Lillingston's *Thoughts on Evangelism* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net) many a page has penetrated his conscience and heart deeply. We are not surprised. In some ways it is not much of a book. But it is like the sermon of which Mr. A. C. Benson tells us. He went to Church with a friend, and coming away asked what *that* had accomplished. His friend answered that it had made him miserable. This is an evangelist's demand for *results*. It is spoken with authority, searchingly but kindly.

Intercession is the most urgent of all matters at the present time, and has been felt to be so by many since the beginning of the war. Wise words about it are to be found in a small volume of which the whole title is *Intercession: The Sharing of the Cross* (Macmillan). They are written by Charles Gardner (the author of *Vision and Vesture*), Muriel G. E. Harris, Eleanor McDougall, Michael Wood, and Annie H. Small. It is a book to be taken into our very life. In every sentence there is spiritual sustenance.

Every man ought to have his own way of preparing his candidates for Confirmation, and every man's way ought to be useful to every other man. For the personality of the teacher is essential; but human nature and the facts of the Gospel are always the same. The Rev. F. G. Goddard, M.A., B.D., Vicar of All Saints', Stoneycroft, Liverpool, has his own method, which he has published for the benefit of others. The title is *The Three Kingdoms* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The three kingdoms are those of the body, the mind, and the spirit; and an exposition of them forms the first chapter. The book ends with a series of chapters on the Means of Grace—Prayer, Worship, Bible Reading, and Holy Communion, the last having four chapters of simple sincere counsel to itself.

What more can be said about the Beatitudes? Nothing. Everything. Nothing, for the world has been talking about them for two thousand years, and has left nothing more to say. Everything, for every new generation must have it all

id over again in its own tongue. The question remains, Can one man say it all? We cannot think of anything that has been forgotten by the Rev. Minos Devine, M.A. He seems certainly to limit his scope by calling his book *The Religion of the Beatitudes* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). But there is no limit. You may take it that this is the book of the Beatitudes for our day. It is literary, ethical, theological, religious.

Can we point to any definite gains in theology which have come to us through the War? The Rev. H. J. Wotherspoon, D.D., believes that we can. In *Some Spiritual Issues of the War* (Scott; 6s. net), he brings out several aspects of religious life which have been affected. And then at one place he gives a list of 'facts of vast importance which have received new illustration and are forced upon attention to a degree which permits that we speak of them as, in a limited sense, "revelations."' What are these revelations? They are (1) of the greatness of the soul of man, (2) of our own capacity for adaptation to new conditions and for submission to new demands in the common interest, (3) of the joy of brotherhood, (4) of the methods of God, (5) of the reality of human free will, (6) of Christ as the Saviour of the world, as well as of the soul—and the only Saviour of the world, (7) of the 'anima naturaliter Christiana,' (8) of new conditions which demand new obedience to God in Christ, (9) of a new offer of the Gospel, and (10) of Christianity. 'For what does Christianity stand? It "stands for the absoluteness of Christ."'

Dr. F. W. Bussell has written a book on *The National Church and the Social Crisis* (Scott; 6s. 6d.). He is exercised about the social movements of our time and their relation to the Church in England. He sees that much that has been old sacred must be let go, but he writes, not to give them a push, rather to 'strengthen the things which remain,' lest more be lost than is right. His intense love of the Church (he knows, its history) gives every word weight, for he is no unfolded advocate of the things that are. He speaks out when it is necessary to speak out. 'I live before my eyes the significant attitude of a certain bishop who delights to pose as an advocate of Labour, a true friend of democracy, and indeed of a socialist: but in the single case in which he

came under my notice, he put every obstacle in the way of selling a confessedly large and impracticable house and insisted that his excellent but impecunious nominee should live in this rectory.' Again, another prelate, well known for his noble lineage, high principles and advanced views, urges the retention of the University degree as a *sine qua non*, and, as it would seem, discourages the advent of mere piety and earnestness from any class. It seems to my humble judgment another (quite involuntary) instance of the "snobbism" which honeycombs our social life, that the Church should be thus bound up with a particular University degree in her ministers, with a certain and stipulated number of bedrooms and reception-rooms in its manses!

Into a mere pamphlet—*The Meaning and Reality of Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 4d. net)—the Rev. Arnold R. Whately, D.D., has crammed all the vital facts about Prayer and kept himself clear and readable.

It is a great boon that Dr. Oesterley and Canon Box are conferring upon us in furnishing new translations of Hellenistic-Jewish Texts, made and edited by experts. Mr. C. W. Emmet has done *The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net); and Mr. E. W. Brooks has done the story of *Joseph and Asenath* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net).

In addressing children the problem is how to arrest the attention. If it is not caught at once he is a clever man who will catch it afterwards. The secret is directness. The Rev. G. R. Oakley, M.A., B.D., can address children. He is direct. His subjects are not catchy,—'Sin,' 'Jesus our Example,' 'In the Company of Jesus,' and the like—they do not need to be. The title is *In the King's Service* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net).

A Study of Silent Minds (S.C.M.; 2s. 6d.) is a fine title for the bookseller to blunder over. It is a plea, by the Rev. Kenneth E. Kirk (Lecturer and Tutor of Keble College, and formerly London Secretary of the Student Christian Movement), for reform in education. The business of education is 'to guide and inspire the mind to the best forms of self-expression.' This will be secured by 'appealing to the one strong point in the English mind—its overwhelming interest in character.'

There is originality here, it is evident; and there is courage. Mr. Kirk approves of the method of a certain vicar, 'by no means a shallow or careless thinker,' who handed each of his confirmation candidates to a communicant, "Go to Joe," he would say (if Joe was the chosen sponsor's name), "he'll tell you the rest better than I can."

Although Mr. Joseph McCabe is not an expert—by which we mean that he has not studied any department of knowledge sufficiently to be accepted as an authority upon it—yet he has an idea of the right books to rely upon, and he writes at least plausibly if not always persuasively on every one of the numerous subjects which he turns his attention to. It is true, he does not always use his books well, nor even quote their titles correctly. In this his latest volume on *The Growth of Religion* (Watts; 6s. net) he calls the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* first the 'Dictionary of Religion and Ethics,' and afterwards the 'Dictionary of Ethics and Religion.'

He is a clever writer. But he has one serious disadvantage. He never writes scientifically; he always writes apologetically. He has a side to defend. He defends it with a skilful use of his materials and of the English language. But the apologetic interest is so manifest that it is not likely that he makes many converts. In this book his object is to discredit Christianity. We doubt if one single person will think less of Christianity after reading it. He goes a long way round before he reaches his aim. And when at last he reaches it, he uses arguments which simply show the poverty of his case. He says: 'In my *Sources of the Morality of the Gospels* (1914) I have exhaustively analysed, line by line, the moral sentiments which the Gospel writers have put into the mouth of Christ, and I have shown the vainness of this contention. Not only is there evidence that some of the most admired of those sentiments were never uttered by Christ, but I have given a parallel to each sentiment from Hebrew, Greek, and Roman moralists.' Now if he had read a recent book by Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, he would have dropped that argument. Mr. Montefiore's words were quoted in *THE EXPOSITORY TIMES* for Sep-

tember last and need not be repeated now. But this is an example of what we have said: Mr. McCabe has read, but he has not read enough.

There is evidence that Christian unity, even the reunion of the Free Churches of England, is a great subject. There is evidence in the fact that it is producing great books. One of the greatest is called *The Churches at the Cross-Roads* (Williams & Norgate; 7s. 6d. net). Its author is the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A.

There is no man who knows the subject better, or has done more for it. This book proves his knowledge and makes another long step in service done. But the tone is better than the knowledge and the work. Surely he will win, and the cause with him. The world has never been able to resist such sweet reasonableness so undauntedly persisted in.

Besides, the War has set it all in a new focus. The soldier has demanded reunion. He has demanded it from the trenches. He will demand it on his return. Listen to this from the trenches: 'Ralph Moulton was one of those finer souls fired with splendid dreams and ideals from which many who had followed his career hoped much. He came of a family distinguished in Wesleyan Methodism, and which has played a great part in law, scholarship, and religion. We still mourn the loss of the fine and cultured spirit of his father, Professor Hope Moulton. The son, Ralph, in August 1914, was awarded the scholarship at Cambridge in International Law, and on the same day received his commission in His Majesty's Army. There were few letters home from the fields of France in which he did not ask as to the progress of the scheme for Free Church union. He said repeatedly that there was nothing that so inspired his enthusiasm and faith or would so command his labour. On August 5, 1916, he fell giving up his life for his country. He is one of the great multitude of the living and the dead, whose young voices reach us from earth and sky, calling us to fresh courage and persistency.'

Mr. Shakespeare advocates federation. He would prefer corporate union, but does not dare to ask for it—at least not yet. He seems to think that half a loaf is better than no bread.

'Christ Crucified' for the Thought and Life of To-day.

BY THE REV. A. E. GARVIE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

III.

PASSING over what Dr. Denney has to say as to the reconciling work of Christ in the treatment of sinners, not because it is not of extreme value, but because it will command universal assent, we must consider how he interprets the Cross of Christ. He asserts as true the substance of the theory of M'Leod Campbell. 'Christ saw what sin was to God as we because of our sin itself could not see it; He felt what it was to God as we for the same reason could not feel it; He owned the justice of God in condemning it and repelling it inexorably, even while He yearned over His sinful children, and longed for their reconciliation.' He adds, however, that 'it was unhappy, to say the least of it, to call this repentance, or vicarious repentance' (p. 259). He rightly recognizes that it is no less morally confusing to speak of the repentance than of the punishment of the sinless. He does not maintain that Christ was punished for us (p. 262); but, insisting that there is a real relation between death and sin, as the consummation of the divine reaction against sin in the moral order of the world, and that the Scriptures insist on something dreadful and mysterious in the death of Christ, he puts his conclusion in the form of a question. 'Can we say anything else than this: that while the agony and the Passion were not penal in the sense of coming upon Jesus through a bad conscience, or making Him the personal object of divine wrath, they were penal in the sense that in that dark hour He had to realize to the full the divine reaction against sin in the race to which He was incorporated, and that without going so to the uttermost He could not have been the Redeemer of that race from sin, or the reconciler of sinful men to God?' (p. 273). The crux of the problem lies just here; is this inexorable reaction of God against sin in death a necessity of the very perfection of God; is it so inexorable that in bringing to men the forgiveness of God, the Father of God could not, and would not even if He could, escape that reaction; was it a necessity for Him to share with as well as for man that

reaction to its very consummation in death, and death apprehended as divine judgment? It is impossible here to offer any logical demonstration; all one can do is to confess an ultimate moral intuition which it would be as perilous to challenge as the authority of conscience itself. For my part, I must confess my entire consent to the statement just quoted. It can easily be caricatured into a false antagonism of love and righteousness in God: it can only be understood as it is seen in the light of the searching scrutiny of the experience of man and the history of Christ which justifies it.

(ii.) The new theological standpoint is shown by the fact that Dr. Denney bestows almost as much space on showing *reconciliation as realized in human life* as on proving *reconciliation as achieved by Christ*. 'It is through faith,' that 'the reconciliation achieved by Christ avails and becomes effective for sinful men' (p. 287). I am in entire accord with all Dr. Denney affirms about the efficacy and sufficiency of faith as not only 'the right reaction to the new reality' in Christ, but as the only adequate one morally and religiously. 'Nothing can by any possibility go beyond faith, and the whole promise and potency of Christianity are present in it. The sinner who through faith is right with God is certainly not made perfect in holiness, but the power which alone can make him perfect is already really and vitally operative in him. And it is operative in him only in and through his faith' (p. 292). While agreeing entirely with Dr. Denney in his estimate of the efficacy and sufficiency of faith, I cannot but regret that he is not more sympathetic to those who cannot understand faith just as he does. He recognizes that Paul's doctrine of justification by faith was misunderstood even in the apostle's lifetime; and how often has it been misunderstood since, if not openly 'as if it meant a privilege to continue in sin' (p. 292), yet, in fact, as a wakehaling of the urgency of moral endeavour. If Paul himself felt it necessary to add Romans 6, 7, and 8 to Romans 3, 4, and 5 to forestall such misunder-

standing, interpreters who lay stress on these chapters, and insist that the latter need to be supplemented and explained by the former, are not to be misrepresented as they undoubtedly are in the following sentence. 'The "forensic" gospel of justification is for them replaced or eked out by the "ethical" gospel of mystical union with Christ in His death and resurrection; but it is a real case of replacement or eking out; there is no vital or necessary connexion between the two things' (pp. 292-293). I offer no defence of these to whom this description may justly apply. All I insist on is that we must give to faith the moral and religious content Paul gives to it in these later chapters if we are to assert its efficacy and sufficiency. Dr. Denney is entirely right in insisting that the assurance of the Christian life depends on contemplation of Christ, the object of faith, and not on self-scrutiny, and yet surely the Christ as presented in Romans 6-8 is a more adequate and satisfying object of faith than the Christ of Romans 3-5. When we realize what Christ is doing in us, it will not lessen or lower our sense of what Christ has done for us. It is certainly true that 'there is no religious assurance contemplated by the apostle which is not *ipso facto* a new moral power' (p. 297), but the apostle's statement about justification has so often been perverted that we are entitled to lay stress on what he has to add about sanctification. In one thing I am entirely agreed, that the confidence we have should be measured not by what even in Christ we have as yet become, but by what Christ Himself is as the promise and potency of all that He will yet make us.

(iii.) I must apply a similar criticism to the discussion that follows of 'the Christian experiences' to which Dr. Denney holds that faith 'is often set in some kind of contrast,' while they 'are really dependent upon it' (p. 302). Wherever and whenever such a contrast is made, all Dr. Denney's criticism is entirely valid. But need such a contrast always be intended? May it not rather be that an inadequate conception of faith, for which Protestant evangelicalism must regretfully accept some responsibility, has led believers for whom religion was something wider and deeper than belief in a plan of salvation or a theory of the atonement to look elsewhere than to such inadequate representations even of the object of faith for adequacy and satisfaction in their inner life? Union with Christ, either as our union with Him

or His with us, Life in the Spirit, the fellowship of the Church, and the blessings of its sacraments are not apart from the life of faith in Christ; but we should recognize that for many minds these representations do give fuller content to the life of faith than an abstract statement that faith itself is adequate and sufficient would. There are different types of experience, and we must not insist on one as though it alone were legitimate. Evangelical Protestants need to make an effort to appreciate more fully what may be called the Catholic type. The Church and the sacraments cannot take the place of faith, but may be means of grace for fuller faith than for some souls would otherwise be possible. Union with Christ gives a personal content to faith which in some representations of the atonement of Christ—though assuredly not in Dr. Denney's—had been lacking. To me, however, the treatment given to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit is most surprising and disappointing, and seems to fall far short of what the teaching of the New Testament requires. The doctrine of the Trinity virtually disappears from Dr. Denney's theology; and the Spirit is nothing more and less than the presence and operation of Christ spiritually. But it does seem to me important to recognize the difference between the objective revelation of God in Christ and the subjective realization of God in His Spirit, while recognizing what Dr. Denney insists on, the constant and complete dependence of the one on the other. God immanent in history and in experience may be distinguished. If we are to maintain the difference, while recognizing the dependence of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, may we not also still distinguish the fellowship of the Spirit and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ? The subject cannot, however, be pursued any further here. I cannot but feel that the last chapter of this work is not satisfying for my mind at least as the other chapters, and that what still needs to be done is to relate more satisfactorily than has been done the central truth of evangelical Protestantism to other tendencies of thought and types of life in the Christian Church; but in closing this inadequate appreciation of this great book it is only the highest admiration and the deepest gratitude which I desire to place on record.

4. A few sentences may be added to indicate in what ways the present situation seems not so much to challenge as to confirm the Christian

doctrine of the Atonement. (i.) The horrors and calamities of the time have surely once for all discredited the shallow theology which made light of the reality of sin and the consequences it brings and must bring in man. If it does not justify a theological reaction to the old doctrine of original sin and total depravity, it yet does demand a recognition of an abyss of iniquity, which may open up in human souls and human society such as an optimistic idealism did not take account of as even possible.

(ii.) Unless we are to abandon faith in God's goodness altogether, we must accept as morally justified God's reaction against sin in its consequences, which is involved in the moral and natural order of the world, which is to be regarded as a unity. Does the sin committed by men deserve all the misery and suffering that it is now bringing upon them? Is it right that sin should be punished, and punished so severely? If not, then the moral indignation that is being felt against the crimes and outrages committed in the war is not morally justified, and must be condemned as only personal vindictiveness. If we do well to be angry, and if we feel that we should be untrue to conscience were we not angry, do we not begin to understand that there is not only moral justification for, but moral necessity of, the wrath of God and the Lamb? That God hates and judges sin is not a theological fiction but a historical reality which our conscience must approve.

(iii.) If this reaction of God in the moral and natural order against sin is morally justified and

even necessary, can we conceive it as morally legitimate and even possible that in the revelation of the grace of God in forgiveness of sin and reconciliation to God in Christ Jesus that reaction should be simply set aside, and no confirmation of its conformity with the character of God should be given? Is it not only fitting but even necessary that the higher order of grace should not merely supersede, but should fulfil the lower order of law, making even more evident the reaction of holy love against sin than had been done hitherto? That in love to God and to man alike, the Son of God, the personal revelation of God in human history, should submit, and in submitting approve in all its severity, that reaction of God is surely the only adequate fulfilment of the lower in the higher order.

(iv.) This tragedy of sin is the background on which shines the glory of sacrifice, the free self-giving even unto wounds and death of the manhood of the nations, not merely in the defence of country, but in the vindication of righteousness in the affairs of men. We cannot pretend that all who fight have this lofty motive; but that it is a moral reality, who can doubt? Has not this sacrifice entered into the world's history as a cleansing and ennobling power in human development? That God Himself makes the sacrifice by which the reaction of His holy love against sin is sustained and confirmed also casts a glory, and a glory transcendent, on the Cross of Christ. What we are now passing through is mystery intolerable, unless we find, as we do find, its interpretation in that Cross.

Contributions and Comments.

Dr. Field's Old Testament Revision Notes.

TRANSCRIBED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MS. BY THE
REV. JOHN HENRY BURN, B.D.

II.

GENESIS 6¹⁶. [Dr. Field proposed leaving 'window' in the text, and giving 'coved roof' in the margin. The Revisers, however, preferred 'light' for the text, and simply 'roof' for the margin.] חַרְוֹת being an *ἀπαξ* λεγόμενον, the sense of *tectum* proposed by

Schultens (from Arabic = *dorsum*) and adopted by Dathe, Rosenmüller, and others might perhaps be admitted as an alternative rendering. I have added the epithet 'coved,' both as being suggested by the Arabic word, and also as furnishing a clue to the meaning of the next clause, 'and in a cubit shalt thou finish it (the ark) above.' It has not been observed that the LXX translation, ἐπισυνάγων ποιήσεις τὴν κιβωτόν, also suggests the idea of *gradual contraction* of the width of the ark. So Diod. Sic. xvii. 82 : Αἰτὰι δὲ (αἱ κῶμαι) καὶ τῶν οἰκῶν στέγας ἔχουσιν, ἐκ πλίνθων εἰς ὅδ' συνηγμένων ἔχουσας

καμάραν. Origen (Opp. T. ii. p. 60) supposes the length as well as the width of the ark to have been gradually diminished, so as to give it a pyramidal form, terminating in a square of one cubit: Ζητήτέον ποταπὸν δεῖ νοῆσαι τὸ σχῆμα τῆς κιβωτοῦ· ὅπερ νομίζω ὅτι πυραμοειδὲς ἐστίν, ἀρχόμενον μὲν ἀπὸ μήκους τριακοσίων πηχῶν, ἀπὸ δὲ πλάτους πεντήκοντα, καὶ ἐπὶ τοὺς τριάκοντα τοῦ ὕψους πήχεις ἐπισυναγόμενον, ὥστε τὴν κορυφὴν γενέσθαι μήκους καὶ πλάτους πῆχυν.

GENESIS 8⁴. [Dr. Field urged, without success, that 'Armenia' should be placed in the text, 'Ararat' being relegated to the margin.] This change (for which there is sufficient authority in the A.V., 2 K 19³⁷) is absolutely necessary in order to get rid of the inveterate error that 'Ararat' in the Hebrew Scriptures is the name of a mountain. 'Mount Ararat' is as great a blunder as 'Mount Wales' or 'Mount Switzerland.' Yet even Dr. Payne Smith, in his *Thes. Syr.* p. 401, says: 'Ararat, mons Armeniae.' The late Astronomer Royal [Sir George Biddell Airy], who 'cannot entertain the smallest doubt that the flood of Noah was a flood of the Nile,' only heavier and more destructive than usual, supposes 'the mountains of Ararat' to be 'the hills skirting the Nile valley, most likely those on the eastern side.' He adds: 'I am not aware of the slightest authority for interpreting the mountains of Ararat to be mountains of Armenia.' (!)

GENESIS 8¹⁰. Render: 'at this time in the next year.' So Gesenius, *Thes. Ling. Heb.* p. 470, who adds: *in alia omnia abeunt interpretes*. He does not except the LXX, probably from not understanding the idiomatic expression εἰς ὥρας, anno proximo, used here in v.¹⁴, falsely rendered by Schleusner, *praecise*, 'to a moment.' In the parallel place, 2 K 4¹⁶ (allotted to translators far inferior to the 'Pentateuch Company'), the rendering is ὥς ἡ ὥρα ἔωσα.

GENESIS 20¹⁶. I suggest, as an alternative version, 'and moreover (וְאֵתְּלָא, *praeter omnia*) also a reproof'—taking נִכְחַת to be a noun, which Gesenius is rather in favour of, though in a different sense, a *satisfaction*. For connecting וְאֵתְּלָא with the following, not with the preceding, words, the authority of the Massorah, LXX (which does not express it in וְנִכְחַת), Pesch. (same), Arab., and Onkelos may be claimed.

GENESIS 22⁸. See S. Chrysost. Hom. xiv. in

Epist. I. ad Timoth. (Opp. T. xi. p. 633 B): Τὸν . . . προφητείᾳ (*propheticō spiritu*). . . ἐκβέβηκε. I have heard the same remark from a Jew with whom I conversed many years ago. Whether sound or not, the place of בְּנִי at the end of a long sentence, instead of at the beginning, being unusual, should be preserved in a translation, as it is in all the ancient versions.

GENESIS 24¹². 'Send me good speed' is too free and does not convey the notion of a prearranged sign. Besides this place, the Hiphil occurs in two places only: (1) Gn 27²⁰: 'the Lord thy God brought *it* to me' (Heb. 'before me'), which may be rendered, as proposed here: 'prepared *the matter* before me'; (2) Nu 35¹¹: 'Then ye shall appoint you cities'; where 'prepare' may be substituted for 'appoint.' In all three places the Syriac version = *paravit, praeparavit, ἡτοίμασα*.

GENESIS 30²⁷. Render: 'I have learned by divination.' This allusion to the superstitious practices in which Laban was brought up should by all means be preserved. The A.V. follows Jerome's *experimento didici*, which Gesenius considers to be equivalent to *augurio didici*; but this sense of *experimentum* cannot be proved. In Gn 44⁵ the same translator has *in quo augurari* (not *experiri*) *solet*.

GENESIS 40¹⁸. [Dr. Field cancels the alternative rendering in A.V. margin, and adds this note. Comparing the margin on v.¹⁹, it should be 'reckon thee,' or 'reckon with thee' (συνᾶραι λόγον μετὰ τῶν δούλων αὐτοῦ, Mt 18²⁸), and so the Samaritan version יִתְּלָא לְךָ, *subducat rationem tuam*. But though the same Hebrew phrase is used in Ex 30¹² and other places for *taking the sum of the people*, that (or a similar) meaning in this place is rendered improbable by the addition (in v.¹⁹) of 'from off thee,' which has compelled the author of the marginal version to have recourse to an awkward ellipsis: 'reckon thee, and take thy office from thee.'

GENESIS 40¹⁶. Render: 'three baskets of fine flour on my head: Or, of wicker (Heb. of holes) Or, made of palm branches.' So Symmachus: τρεῖς κανᾶ βαϊνά. Wilkinson (*Ancient Egyptians*, ii. 178) says: 'From the geréet, or branches of the palm-tree, are made wicker-baskets,' etc.

A 'Vindictive' Psalm.

WHATEVER we may be for making of Ps 109 I cannot feel myself that personal animus is the dominating motive. There is the keenest sense of justice running through it all, something much higher, in fact, than any mere thirst for vengeance. Take the man in question. Set down all the particulars of his evil-doing as gathered from the Psalm. Then set down in detail all the evils it is desired may overtake him. If these are appropriate to the sins committed, it is felt by one who is identifying himself with justice, that justice could hardly be content with less. If in the same ways that he has sinned he should himself be called to suffer, that would seem to be according to his deserts. It would appear that he had filled some high office, and had abused it by 'persecuting the poor helpless man, that he might slay him that was vexed at the heart.' Very well then, that he may find out what that means, let there be some ungodly man set as ruler over him, and let some malicious accuser (it need not be 'Satan') stand there to bring his malicious accusations. Supposing him condemned, and his appeal for mercy (regarded in such a case as effrontery) treated as if it only aggravated his guilt: it might seem hard; but, considering what the man himself had been in his treatment of those who had once depended on his mercy, could any honestly say that it would not serve him right? It may work out hardly for his wife and children; but so it is bound to do in such cases: it is all part of what a man must be prepared for, when he is deliberately guilty of conduct which, if he ever gets his due, will certainly recoil on them. What claim can there be for such consequences to be averted in his case?

The writer of the Psalm thus invokes what he regards as justice, and no more. He is filled with righteous indignation. He is not conscious, I think, of any malice. He had been a friend to the man as long as he could. But his conduct has been so atrocious that, in the interests of justice, he would now like to see him reap as he has sown. As J. B. Mozley in his Old Testament lectures has so forcibly drawn out, a man's family was then regarded so much as part of himself, that the justice would have been incomplete that failed to lay hold on all belonging to him. But we need not dwell too much on the particulars of what is

invoked on the man. Let it suffice that we have here no random voice of a blind rancour, but the high voice of justice seeking to utter itself, and declaring that nothing can be too bad for such a man to suffer. Putting the details of the dread invocation on one side, as belonging to a past age whose ruling ideas were different from ours, it is precisely what most of us are feeling—and I would hope, unblamably—about the German Emperor just now. The widespread awful miseries of this war, accompanied by vile barbarities on the part of the Germans, and involving the most cruel sufferings to innocent women and children—these are fairly chargeable on the man who brought this war about. I would not retain this Psalm to be our 'hymn of hate'; but, bearing it in mind, I would ask: Is it a mere paltry vindictiveness,—is it not a burning sense of righteous indignation, that makes us feel how the punishment must needs go far that should be adequate to such guilt as this? That an identification of heart with the unanswerable claims of justice, and no mere personal rancour, is the constraining motive of the writer, may perhaps further appear from the imprecation in another Psalm (7³⁻⁶): 'If I have rewarded evil unto him that dealt friendly with me . . . then let mine enemy persecute my soul, and take me: yea, let him tread my life down upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust.' The feeling is the same, though here it is the writer himself who is the object of his own imprecation.

There remains the question, whether the expression of all such sentiments, when evoked by flagrant wrong, is necessarily unchristian. I will not now enter into this beyond quoting the appeal of the souls under the altar from the Book of the Revelation (6^{9, 10}): 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' This certainly is a cry for vengeance, and it is not reprov'd. It affords no close parallel with the Psalm. Only it does seem at least to justify the conclusion that in the Psalm it is the form only, and not the fact, of the cry for vengeance that we have cause to scruple at. That may be a sufficient reason for not reciting it in our churches. But this must not be because, as Christians, we would dissociate ourselves in heart from the just severity of God. A just severity is one element in love. A short quotation from *Dante's Ten Heavens*, by E. G. Gardner, may be worth appending here: 'It has

been observed that there is no tenderness comparable to that of the man who could yet, relentlessly, brand the names of so many of his noblest countrymen with everlasting infamy in his *Inferno*' (p. 282).

F. G. CHOLMONDELEY.

Adlestrop Rectory.

A Note on 1 Corinthians iv. 1.

It is a mistake to read into a text more than it contains, or to press a passage into the support of some view that it was far from the mind of the writer to maintain. An opinion, an idea, may be perfectly true; and yet not provable or even defensible by the texts alleged in its proof or defence. And the power of the truth itself which it is sought to uphold may be weakened through the faultiness of its supposed buttresses. Its would-be friends may turn out to be its worst enemies. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*

The passage in 1 Co 4th is often cited as one of the instances in which St. Paul magnified his office; and the tremendous words 'ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God' have been seized upon as attributing profound and unimpeachable powers to the position of the Christian priesthood. This is a case of neglect of context. St. Paul was doing the opposite of magnifying his office: he was minifying it; and for the very reason that the party among the Corinthian Christians who claimed to be especially his followers were exaggerating it out of all due proportion. They were placing him in a position which almost suggested that he was the author and finisher of their faith: that he, the humble disciple of Christ, had actually supplanted the Redeemer: that he had been crucified for them: and that his name (not Christ's) had been invoked at their Baptism. 'Was Paul crucified for you, or were ye baptized into the name of Paul?' (1st).

It is very natural for enthusiastic partisans to ascribe all the virtues to their leaders. We see it in modern politics often, and sometimes in ecclesiastical polemics, and not seldom in parochial favouritisms. The Corinthians had not, however, proceeded to the length of vilifying the rival leaders: their favouritism had not degenerated into open sectarianism. There were divisions and con-

tentions, but not actual rupture. We can imagine the Pauline party urging the pre-eminence of their first evangelist and founder. Paul had planted. Then came Apollos, who watered the seed sown, and perhaps beguiled his hearers from the plain simplicity of the gospel by winsome words of philosophy, throwing the Christian evangel into the forms of Platonic and Aristotelian thought. Doubtless the Apolloites enjoyed a good sermon and relished the eloquent persuasiveness of the rhetorical Alexandrian, in comparison with whose rich and glowing periods St. Paul's speech was contemptible. The Petrine perhaps boasted of the superiority over St. Paul of the apostolic leader, one who had known Christ after the flesh, had companied with Him from the first, and had been the spokesman of the early disciples.¹ Or they may have been legalists of a Judaizing type, such as we know from the Second Letter did develop into bitter opponents of St. Paul at Corinth. The Christ party, if it had a real existence, may have been a very early type of those who to-day and yesterday adopt as their motto 'Back to Christ.' They may have claimed to have been amongst His actual disciples in Palestine, and have wished to discount any other leadership or teaching. But for the moment the Petrine and the Christine parties disappear from the argument. It is the contrast between Apollos and himself, and their different modes of presenting the gospel, that occupies the Apostle's thoughts. For the cause of this we must look into the characteristic tendency of the Greek mind. The Corinthians had misconceived the essential character of the gospel message. It was not a σοφία λόγος (1st) as the Greek thoughts of the Corinthians imagined it: it was λόγος ὁ τοῦ σταυροῦ (1st). The gospel had indeed its own σοφία which could be imparted to the τελεῖοι, but the Corinthians were not yet fit to receive this higher teaching. They must first master the ABC, and be fed with milk as babes. Arrogantly they thought that they were matured in the gospel, and could therefore shew preferences and patronize rivalries. And the result was disastrous. Christ was dishonoured. His agents were being exalted into the place of the Principal: the tools were revered and the great Employer

¹ I purposely omit any reference to the special committal to St. Peter of the keys (Mt 16¹⁹) and to the threefold renewal of the pastorate (Jn 21¹⁸.) as belonging to cycles of tradition not likely to have reached Corinth.

gotten. Paul and Apollos were merely *διάκονοι*, serviceable runners, used by Christ for the conversion of souls. One had one gift and another another gift: one had one kind of work assigned to him and another a different kind; but the success of the work came from God alone. The instruments were nothing: God was everything. Nor was there any distinction in class between the different instruments whether planter or waterer: they belonged to one category (*ὁ τοῦ αὐτοῦ δὲ καὶ ὁ ποτίζων ἐν εἰσιν*), and were thereby moved from any possibility of being set in rivalry. Each had his own work and would receive his own reward. The work which they accomplished as God's team was *God's* work—*God's* sbandry, *God's* building (*3⁴⁻¹⁰*).

Hence it follows that the true position and

light in which these two Apostles were to be regarded was as under-workers and stewards—nothing more. For this stewardship they would have to account to God, and, *quâ* stewards, were not obnoxious to human criticism. THE JUDGE would at the right time apportion to each due praise. So careful is the Apostle to deprecate any undue valuation of himself that he reiterates the statement, and reinforces it by a proverb—'Don't go beyond your text. Think reasonably (*λογιζέσθω*) about us. We were only persons *through* whom you believed, not *in* whom you believed. The case of Apollos and myself is a very apposite one from which to learn the observance of the ethical canon *Ne ultra quam scriptum est*' (*4¹⁻⁶*).

T. HERBERT BINDLEY.

Denton Rectory, Norfolk.

Entre Nous.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POETRY.

III.

'Sister Songs.'

ONE once asked George Macdonald, 'Do you believe that man has a soul?' 'No,' he answered; 'he *is* a soul, and he *has* a body.' Francis Thompson was conscious of his body only as something that bound him to earth, and prevented him from living constantly in what he felt was his natural sphere.

Love and love's beauty only hold their revels
In life's familiar, penetrable levels:
What of its ocean-floor?
I dwell there evermore,
From almost earliest youth
I raised the lids o' the truth,
And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight;
Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite,
In antre of this lawly body set,
Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.¹

This very fact helped to make the tie between man and the few kindred spirits with whom he came into contact a close one. He took them into the world of spiritual reality with him; he made the unseen world their meeting-place. If anything could have convinced Thompson

that this world was a place to be thankful for, the love he experienced in the home of the Meynells ought to have done so, but we hear only of his gratitude to them. One Christmas he brought them a present. It had cost him much labour—not of the hands, for he could never use them to much purpose, but of the spirit. Kensington Gardens, 'where,' says his biographer, 'I have often seen him at prayer as well as at poetry,' saw the fashioning of the gift.

It was presented in characteristic fashion. He left it, along with a note at the Meynells' house in Palace Gardens, in a place where he felt sure it would be seen by them. 'I leave with this on the mantelpiece (in an exercise book) the poem of which I spoke. If intensity of labour could make it good, good it would be. One way or the other, it will be an effectual test of a theme on which I have never yet written; if from it I have failed to draw poetry, then I may as well take down my sign.' Later, when he recovered the manuscript to add the 'Inscription' to it, he again wrote: 'Let me thank you *'ab imis medullis'* for the one happy Christmas I have had for many a year. Herewith I send you my laggard poem.' He had watched the piling up of family presents that told of love. He loved too, and he gave of his best. The present was 'Sister Songs,' an 'Offering to Two

¹ *Works*, i. 41.

Sisters, Monica and Madeline (Sylvia).¹ The 'Inscription' is well known :

But one I marked who lingered still behind,
As for such souls no seemly gift had he :

He was not of their strain,
Nor worthy of so bright beings to entertain,
Nor fit compeer for such high company.
Yet was he, surely, born to them in mind,
Their youngest nursing of the spirit's kind.

Last stole this one,
With timid glance, of watching eyes adread,
And dropped his frightened flower when all were gone ;
And where the frail flower fell, it withered.
But yet methought those high souls smiled thereon ;
As when a child, upstraining at your knees
Some fond and fancied nothings, says, 'I give you these !'²

At a first reading, it is difficult to get into touch with the mood of 'Sister Songs.' Even at a second attempt one may only experience the feeling of having entered something like a fairy palace while wearing garments of flesh. But a very faint grasp of the beauty of the structure arouses a wish to return to it again. These visits bring ever fresh delights ; some new, and hitherto unsuspected beauty is constantly being revealed. One cannot criticise. 'Why can't I write poetry like that? That's what I've wanted to do all my life,' a well-known writer and critic said on hearing selections from 'Sister Songs' read aloud.

We know the Thompson of the two sides, the man who, while living in the Elgin Avenue lodging-house, was not of it. There, his outlook on Nature was certainly Metropolitan ; in May the lodgers could all see the laburnum flowering at a street corner not far off :

Mark yonder, how the long laburnum drips
Its jocund spilth of fire, its honey of wild flame !²

But to Francis Thompson only it was given to see the daisy, the rosebud, and the snowdrop bloom side by side :

I know in the lane, by the hedgerow track,
The long, broad grasses underneath
Are warted with rain like a toad's knobbed back ;
But here May weareth a rainless wreath.
In the new-sucked milk of the sun's bosom
Is dabbled the mouth of the daisy-blossom ;
The smouldering rosebud chars through its sheath ;
The lily stirs her snowy limbs,
Ere she swims
Naked up through her cloven green,

Like the wave-born Lady of Love Hellene ;
And the scattered snowdrop exquisite
Twinkles and gleams,
As if the showers of the sunny beams
Were splashed from the earth in drops of light.

Everything
That is the child of Spring
Casts its bud or blossoming
Upon the stream of my delight.³

His joy in Spring is such that he forgets the presence of his frail body :

Yea, and myself put on swift quickening,
And answer to the presence of a sudden Spring.⁴

And the use of the refrain, making music though never seems to fail from beginning to end, betrays an almost exuberant delight in his own art.

The horizon of 'Sister Songs' gradually widens the air becomes clearer ; then something greater than a fairy palace is revealed ; it is indeed as if the pure light of heaven were overhead, and fairy world all around, one even more delicate conceived than that of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

How far Thompson was technically educated in music we know not, but he must have had some solid basis of knowledge. In describing the music of that fairy world, he uses the language of one who lived and thought in it.

I heard a dainty dubious sound,
As of goodly melody ;

It seemed of air, it seemed of ground,
And never any witchery

Drawn from pipe, or reed, or string,
Made such dulcet ravishing.
'Twas like no earthly instrument,
Yet had something of them all
In its rise, and in its fall ;

As if in one sweet consort there were blent
Those archetypes celestial

Which our endeavouring instruments recall.
So heavenly flutes made murmurous plain
To heavenly viols, that again

—Aching with music—waited back pain ;
Regals release their notes, which rise
Welling, like tears from heart to eyes ;
And the harp thrills with thronging sighs.
Horns in mellow flattering
Parley with the cithern-string :—
Hark !—the floating, long-drawn note
Woos the throbbing cithern-string !⁵

From the beginning to the end of 'Sister Songs' he never forgets the working out of the plan that

¹ Works, i. 68.

² Ibid. i. 26.

³ Ibid. i. 27.

⁴ Ibid. i. 26.

⁵ Ibid. i. 28, 29.

s in his mind. The plan of a vision is generally a somewhat elusive thing; this, however, can be seen, wondered at, and remembered. Music is the atmosphere. Light, airy, and full of joy, how the fairies sing and dance! After the fairies come

The Hours

Like Nereids through a watery town.

Their movements, as Thompson describes them, show what can be done by a skilful and legitimate use of the English language. Both colour and movement are perfect:

Some, with languors of waved arms,
Fluctuous oared their flexile way;
Some were borne half resupine
On the aerial hyaline,
Their fluid limbs and rare array
Flickering on the wind, as quivers
Trailing weed in running rivers;
And others, in far prospect seen,
Newly loosed on this terrene,
Shot in piercing swiftiness came,
With hair a-stream like pale and goblin flame.¹

Next follow the Dryades in a dance:

Every step was a tinkling sound,
As they glanced in their dancing-ground.
Clouds in cluster with such a sailing
Float o'er the light of the wasting moon,
As the cloud of their gliding veiling
Swung in the sway of the dancing-tune.
There was a clash of their cymbals clanging,
Ringing of swinging bells clinging their feet;
And the clang on wing it seemed a-hanging,
Hovering round their dancing so fleet.²

But he adds:

I stirred, I rustled more than meet;
Whereat they broke to the left and right,
With eddying robes like aconite
Blue of helm;
And I beheld to the foot o' the elm.³

There sat Spring surrounded by her ladies and a throng of children. In the midst of the latter was Sylvia. He begs that Spring will

keep still in thy train,
After the years when others therefrom fade,
This tiny, well-beloved maid!
To whom the gate of my heart's fortalice,
With all which in it is,

And the shy self who doth therein immew him
'Gainst what loud leaguerers battailously woo him,
I, bribed traitor to him,
Set open for one kiss.⁴

Then he meets Sylvia on her human side, and speaks to her in words that are full of tenderness. The passage is one of the most exquisite things ever written. To Francis Thompson, Sylvia is just a little girl, but he tells her the tragic story of his street friendship:

A kiss? for a child's kiss?
Aye, goddess, even for this.
Once, bright Sylviola, in days not far,

I waited the inevitable last.

Then there came past

A child, like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,

That I might eat and live:

Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of childhood, so divine for me;

And her, through what sore ways,

And what unchildish days,

Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.

Therefore I kissed in thee

Her, child! and innocence,

And spring, and all things that have gone from me,

And that shall never be;

All vanished hopes, and all most hopeless bliss,

Came with thee to my kiss.⁴

Spring's answer to his request for her follows:

O lover of me and all my progeny,

For grace to you

I take her ever to my retinue.

Over thy form, dear child, alas! my art

Cannot prevail; but mine immortalizing

Touch I lay upon thy heart.

Thy soul's fair shape

In my unfading mantle's green I drape,

And thy white mind shall rest by my devising.

A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth.⁵

It is a dream such as comes—even to a poet—once in a lifetime:

Cease, Spring's little children, now cease your lands to raise;

That dream is past, and Sylvia, with her sweet, feat ways.

Our loved labour, laid away,

Is smoothly ended; said our say,

Our syllabing to Sylvia.

¹ *Works*, i. 31.

² *Ibid.* i. 33, 34.

³ *Ibid.* i. 35, 36.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 36, 37.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 38.

Make sweet, you birds on branches! make sweet your
mouths with May!
But borne is this burthen,
Sung unto Sylvia.¹

The plan of the second part is less clearly defined. The thought and the music of it make its chief attraction.

Thoroughly Thompsonian, while there is thought there is an absence of any regular philosophical system, but the presence of an aptness in drawing material from the thought from anything and everything, and finding a place for it in an emotional mood.

Monica, to whom it was addressed, was the elder of the two sisters. Thompson reveals himself more directly to her than he does to Sylvia. He probably thought he knew her better. The Friston days when she gave him the poppy were a memory to the end of his life. He never ceased to love her. At her bidding he went on her marriage day in 1903 to the church. But he arrived much too early, only to find it empty. 'A young lady,' he wrote to her afterwards, 'approached the church by the back entrance, just as I came away; but on inspection she had no trace of poppy-land. There must have been other nuptial couples about, I think.'

'It seems but the other day, my dearest sister (may I not call you so? For you are all to me as younger sisters and brothers—to me, who have long ceased practically to have any sisters of my own, so completely am I sundered from them), that you were a child with me at Friston, and I myself still very much of a child. Now the time is come I foresaw then:

Knowing well, when some few days are over,
You vanish from me to another.

'You may pardon me if I feel a little sadness, even while I am glad for your gladness, my very dear.'²

In 'Sister Songs' he says:

How com'st thou, little tender thing of white,
Whose very touch full scantily me beseems,
How com'st thou resting on my vaporous dreams,
Kindling a wraith there of earth's vernal green?³

¹ *Works*, i. 39.

² E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 341.

³ *Poems*, i. 40.

He felt that all along she had borne a part in helping him:

Thou wert to me that earnest of day's light,
When,

Stretched on the margin of the cruel sea
Whence they had rescued me,
With faint and painful pulses was I lying;
Not yet discerning well
If I had 'scaped, or were an icicle,
Whose thawing is its dying.⁴

Then he becomes reminiscent as he remembers the first time he saw her in her father's house:

One forgotten day,
As a sick child waking sees
Wide-eyed daisies
Gazing on it from its head,
Slipped there for its dear amazes;
So between thy father's knees
I saw thee stand,
And through my hazes
Of pain and fear thine eyes' young wonder shone.
Then, as flies scatter from a carrion,
Or rooks in spreading gyres like broken smoke
Wheel, when some sound their quietude has broke,
Fled, at thy countenance, all that doubting spawn:
The heart which I had questioned spoke,
A cry impetuous from its depth was drawn,—
I take the omen of this face of dawn!
And with the omen to my heart cam'st thou.
Even with a spray of tears
That one light draft was fixed there for the years.⁵

Kensington Gardens, his place for prayer as well as for writing poetry, gave him a point of view—a window through which he saw Monica earthborn, but 'a daughter of the sky,' a constant inspiration to him:

Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge;
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world.⁵

That idea leads to another:

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul;—
As hoarded in the vine
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze:—⁶

Here is a soul capable of great things:

Born of full stature, lineal to control;⁶

Fettered, however, by the slow growth of the mind
ripe for kinship, yet must be
Captive in statuted minority!⁶

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 45.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 46, 48.

⁶ *Ibid.* i. 50.

But he realized that by restraint not only can the dangerous forces of nature be made the servants of man, but by the same law manhood and womanhood may rise to moral perfection. In a striking passage he expresses in poetry what he states in his essay *Form and Formalism*. 'No common aim can triumph, till it is crystallized in an individual, at once its child and ruler. Man himself must become incarnate in a man before his cause can triumph. Thus the universal Word became the individual Christ; that total God and total man being particularized in a single symbol, the cause of God and man might triumph. In Christ, therefore, centres and is solved that supreme problem of life—the marriage of the Unit with the Sum.'¹

For supreme Spirit subject was to clay,
And Law from its own servants learned a law,
And Light besought a lamp unto its way,
And Awe was reined in awe,
At one small house of Nazareth;
And Golgotha
Saw Breath to breathlessness resign its breath,
And Life do homage for its crown to death.²

Yet it pained Thompson to think that Monica should be subjected to a law that would hurt. With the heritage that was hers—

Smitten with singing from thy mother's east,³

she could only be capable of seeing beautiful meanings in the common things of life:

When from the common sands
Of poorest common speech of common day
Thine accents sift the golden musics out!⁴

The close brings us back to the human Thompson speaking to the child Monica just as he did at Friston:

Now pass your ways, fair bird, and pass your ways,
If you will;
I have you through the days!
And flit or hold you still,
And perch you where you list
On what wrist,—
You are mine through the times!

I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet
rhymes,
And in your young maiden morn
You may scorn
But you must be
Bound and sociate to me;
With this thread from out the tomb my dead hand shall
tether thee!⁴

Tagore, the Indian mystic, echoes the same thought:

I have caught you and wrapt you,
my love, in the net of my music.
You are my own, my own, Dweller
in my deathless dreams!⁵

WHO'S WHO.

Sir Edward Cook, in his new volume of *Literary Recollections*, discourses pleasantly on the Art of Biography. He tells us that the first rule usually laid down for the writing of a biography is Brevity. If it is a good rule how excellent a book is *Who's Who*, of which the volume for 1919 has been published (A. & C. Black; 30s. net). For it contains about twenty thousand biographies, and every one of them obeys the rule. That is a larger number than ever, and the volume is increased this year by eighty pages, in spite of the disappearance of the Germans.

Who's Who is a business book. And it is inconceivable than any man or woman who has to do with other men or women in a business way can be content to be without it. But, business or not, it is very good reading. Let your eye catch some familiar name. Read the article through. You will be astonished to find that you have learned much more than you knew—even about such familiar names as Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson. The only difficulty now will be to set the volume down.

Then how characteristic are the biographies—for you must remember that they are really autobiographies. Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig offers a severe list of services and honours. Mr. Frederic Harrison fills the most of a volume with his publications. But even Mr. Harrison's list of books and pamphlets is outnumbered by the publications of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Joynson Hicks has few books, but he 'has always taken a keen interest in philanthropic and charitable work.' The colonial biographies are especially rich in self-revelation. They have an eye to the picturesque as well as the particular. Notice, finally, that fewer men tell us now what their recreations are. Is that the War? Women seem to have no recreation. But Mrs. Fawcett (without concealing her age) tells us that she goes in for walking, needlework, and music.

⁵ R. Tagore, *The Gardener*, 59.

¹ *Works*, iii. 76.

² *Ibid.* i. 51.

³ *Ibid.* i. 52.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 65.

To write is one thing, to get what you have written published is another. 'Is it a short story?' *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net) will tell you all about the magazines that publish short stories, the style of story they publish, and the price they pay. Is it a book? The same guide will give you the names of all the publishers of books, the kind of books they publish, and—no, not the royalties, you must find that out by inquiry. It does, however, give you a table whereby you can calculate your income when you know the royalty. If you are an artist the necessary information is all here. And not for Great Britain only, but for the Colonies as well, and for the United States of America.

NOTES ON TEXTS.

The words spoken by Jesus of the woman that was a sinner, 'for she loved much' (Lk 7⁴⁷), are not easily understood. Mr. Montefiore in his book on *Liberal Judaism and Hellenism* makes an attempt to explain them. 'The lesson conveyed by the story of Jesus and the harlot in the seventh chapter of Luke is that love can regenerate the sinful heart. And this in two ways. Love evokes love. The loving sympathy of Jesus evokes in her soul reverential love and gratitude towards him, and his love and her love together are adequate to change her heart, and to effect her redemption. And because her heart is now set Godward, Jesus can say to her, "Thy sins are forgiven." The past is washed away.'

Luke xix. 13.

Every man who wears khaki is under the spell of the command—'Carry on!' Around these words there have gathered tender and beautiful associations for a number of men in a fighting unit who gathered together for prayer one Saturday evening. One of these lads was leading us in prayer, and amid many halting petitions there came this cry of the heart, fervent in its utterance and luminous with spiritual truth, 'Lord, help us to obey Thy command, *Carry on till I come.*' Only a touch of spiritual genius could have suggested that almost perfect paraphrase. The servants in the Parable of the Pounds were told by their Lord, 'Occupy till I come.' This British soldier saw the inner meaning of that order—a command to exercise a tireless energy in the absence of their Master.

These servants might be at their wits' end to know how to use the money to best advantage, but though everything be against them they must persevere. The command, 'Occupy till I come,' rang in their ears when hopelessness and despair gripped their hearts, and they shook off despondency and renewed their efforts in the inspiration of that clear call. The soldier recognized in that situation a parable of his own life, and he knew that the ancient command is still regnant. It seemed very modern and vital when he gave it a translation that brought it home to men who are living under military discipline.¹

On the morning of the 27th one of our old men went to the *Demi-Lune* and watched for a military car coming in from Meaux. After hours of waiting, one finally appeared. He ran into the road and hailed it, and as the chauffeur put on his brakes, he called:

'*Et Verdun?*'

'*Elle tient,*' was the reply, and the auto rushed on.

That was all the news we had in those days.²

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.

An Anthology.

Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has published an Anthology of Recent Poetry which, better than any book we have seen, enables us to estimate the general characteristics of the poetry of our day. The Irish poetry stands apart. This is English, and university English, but it is typical. The title is *Songs for Sale* (3s. net), the editor E. B. C. Jones.

What can be said about the poetry of our day? First that it is less concerned about the form than about the subject. The thought is more than the expression. Many kinds of metre are used as the subject suggests; sometimes it is scarcely metre at all or to be distinguished from prose.

Except that there is no lack of imagination. If the form chosen happens to seem prosaic that is deliberate, and by no means the outcome of poverty of imagination.

But the fundamental fact is the passion for reality—a full reality, the taste of life in every phase of its experience, but the experience must be real. This does not close the door on ideals,

¹ J. A. Patten, *The Decoration of the Cross*, 61.

² M. Aldrich, *On the Edge of the War Zone*, 166.

at it does shut out romantic ideals mostly and sentimental ideals altogether. What experiences have you had? Set them down; set them down in such poetic form as you think proper, but set them down as you had them, as *you* had them. That is the demand.

This is Mr. Max Plowman:

Take Heaven away, O God, and bury deep
Out of my sight Hell with its brood of fear;
When Thou givest Earth shall I cry, 'Heaven
is dear.

Into its blissful haven would I creep?
Take Heaven away; for lo, I need Thee near,
And should I stretch my eyes they cannot peep
Into so fierce a light it seems asleep,
Lying across death's yet untraversed mere.

Keep Heaven, O God; and to the Devil his
Hell;

But give me sight and hearing, sense and touch,
That I may see Thee working in the whole
Visible element Thou hast made so well:

May feel Thy power in the tiger's clutch
And see new heavens builded by a mole.

Aldous Huxley.

Aldous Huxley is one of the poets represented in 'Songs for Sale.' But he has published a volume all his own called *The Defeat of Youth* (Blackwell; 3s. net). Any poem could be chosen to illustrate what has been said of the Anthology.

THE FLOWERS.

Day after day,
At spring's return,
I watch my flowers, how they burn
Their lives away.

The candle crocus
And daffodil gold
Drink fire of the sunshine—
Quickly cold.

And the proud tulip—
How red he glows!—
Is quenched ere summer
Can kindle the rose.

Purple as the innermost
Core of a sinking flame,
Deep in the leaves the violets smoulder
To the dust whence they came.

Day after day,
At spring's return,
I watch my flowers, how they burn
Their lives away,
Day after day.

Eleanor M. Brougham.

Mr. John Lane has been able, in spite of the war, to publish a quite unique Anthology in a quite unique and attractive form. It is an Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century, with biographical notes. The editor is Eleanor M. Brougham, and the title *Corn from Olde Fieldes* (7s. 6d. net).

The volume is divided into four parts—Religion, Love, Death, and Miscellany. Many of the poems are taken from Manuscripts which have never been published. And some of these manuscript poems are as fine as any in the book. Here is one from a manuscript in Christ Church, Oxford. It is called

PREPARATIONS.

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command

All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat;
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence; are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!
Thus if a king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn,
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

M. Nightingale.

The volume of *Verses Wise and Otherwise*, by M. Nightingale (Blackwell; 3s. net), has been illustrated by C. T. Nightingale, and the illustrations are no small part of its charm. There is true poetry however in it, the modest title notwithstanding. A daring heading, 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' is given to a poem on the Virgin and the Lamb of God, but it is quotable and impressive. We shall quote, however, this on

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

Remember, Lord, when last I came,
Thou heardest pray both him and me.
Now for the pity of Thy Name
I come to Thee.

See, at the hill-foot where we dwelt,
Yon cottage by the field of corn!
Together have we climbed and knelt
Our thanks each morn.

Dear Lord, Thou would'st not have me come
Alone? Maybe Thou hast forgot!
How should I pray and then turn home
Where he is not?

Oh Thou Who, being God, could'st die
The very hour Thy cup did brim,
Lend me that godly power that I
May go to him!

Helen Simpson.

The lightest and the most amusing of the *Lightning Sketches* by Helen Simpson (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) is the first, entitled 'Truth.' The rest are clever enough, no lack of cleverness in conception or execution, but the first is the sketch for attractiveness.

S. B. Macleod.

There is poetry and there is reality in *Poems of Love and War*, by Second Lieut. S. B. Macleod (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net). Much is being said about the religion of the soldier, and some of it is difficult of acceptance. This soldier's religion has no elements in it for which we have to make allowance. One poem will be sufficient for evidence:

'PRAY FOR ME.'

Did I say 'Pray'? Nay, let thine inmost soul
Rise from thy deepest being to Heaven's height,
Till longing almost changes into sight,
In eagerness to reach thy hoped-for goal.

Let thy dear frame to Nature cease its toll,
And vanish in the spirit, so it might
Stand in His Presence and be filled with Light;
For clothed in Love, thy love shall keep thee whole.

Yea, that is prayer—to lose ourselves in Him:
To strive, to wrestle, upwards to His Throne.
'Tis selfish passion makes our sight so dim,
But love shall aid thee—Love like to His own—

And such is in thy heart, O purest maid—
Thyself my comfort, and thy prayers mine aid.

J. L. Crommelin Brown.

There are two attitudes to the War, two and no more. Either it is a vulgar dirty business, all through, as Mr. Siegfried Sassoon counts it—see his poem quoted in the review of *To-day*; or it is the opportunity and vindication of the spiritual in man. Mr. Crommelin Brown takes the latter attitude. His volume of war poems he calls *Dies Heroica* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). In one of the poems he introduces Nietzsche, it gives the tone of the whole book:

NIETZSCHE.

I dreamt that there was merriment in hell,
And as each meagre new-departed sprite
Came hesitating forward to the light

To warm itself, there followed straight a yell
Of devil's-mirth, for trade was doing well.

And when in Flanders fiercer grew the
fight,

So thicker thronged the phantoms through
the night,

Louder that gusty laughter rose and fell.

Lastly they turned to one apart, who furled

A cloak about his face. 'Oh! make reply
Thou, who hast said this Christ corrupts the
world,

And men no longer have the will to die.
These thousands perished for a treaty. What
Hast thou to say?' But Nietzsche answered
not.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings
Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.